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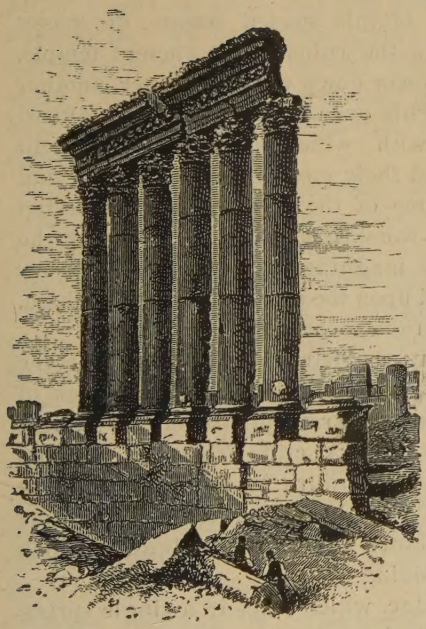
TENT LIFE IN PALESTINE.

BY THE EDITOR.

DAMASCUS TO BAALBEC.



REMAINING COLUMNS OF THE GREAT TEMPLE, BAALBEC.

On a lovely morning, April 26th, we mounted our horses for the ride over the Anti-Lebanon range. The air was filled with the fragrance of fig and apricot blossoms, and of the Damascus roses, of which we each carried a bouquet of portentous size. The horses, refreshed with their few days' rest, were full of mettle, and we made a very hilarious party as we cantered along the smooth diligence road, the best in Syria. This splendid road of seventy miles to Beyrout was made by a French company, and twice a day its huge, lumbering carriages traverse the distance in ten hours.

Soon leaving the road, we passed the grim gorge of the Barada (Abana), with bold exposure of highly tilted strata, and rode on beneath the shade of walnut, fig and olive orchards. Then for an hour we rode across the barren plain of Sahra, or the Syrian Sahara, a dreary expanse of sand and flint chips, enlivened at times

by flying flocks of gazelles. As we approached the gorge of the Barada we learned that the bridge across the stream was wrecked by a recent flood. Abdallah rode ahead and reported that, while it was badly shattered, it might possibly be crossed. As I was determined to take no risks, I gave orders to make a long *détour* over the barren hills to a safe ford.

We soon descended into a deep, romantic ravine, bordered by towering cliffs, and skirted, on a narrow ledge, the rushing Barada. A curious passage through the rocks was evidently a former aqueduct. Through the poplar and walnut foliage came stealing on our ears the sound of rushing water. After a short ride we reached the famous fountain of El-Figeh, the chief source of the Barada—a name probably corrupted from the Greek $\pi\eta\gamma\eta$—a spring. A rushing torrent, clear as crystal, thirty feet in width and four feet deep, bursts forth from the foot of a lofty cliff with a current strong enough to turn a mill.

High above the birthplace of this storied stream, on massy foundations of huge stone, are the ruins of an ancient temple, some thirty feet square; and lower down near the water, another with walls two yards thick. This once formed a large vaulted chamber twenty feet high, with wide portal. The ancient Syrians, like the Greeks, deified their streams and fountains, and doubtless here, as at the source of the Jordan, were celebrated the rites of the ancient nature-worship of the land. Beneath the shade of fruit trees, beside this magnificent fountain, we ate our lunch and mused and moralized upon the eventful scenes of which, thoughout the ages, it had been the theatre.

In the afternoon we rode up the narrowing gorge, past the Kefr-el-Zeite (Village of Oil), and Kefr-el-Awamid (Village of Columns), where are enormous prostrate pillars of an ancient Greek temple, between yellow, chalky cliffs from 800 to 1,000 feet high. The vividness of the verdure in the bright spring sunlight, the infinite blue depths of the sky, and the picturesque outlines of the cliffs made a picture of surpassing beauty which haunts the memory with an abiding spell.

Crossing an old Roman bridge, which leaps in a single spring across the stream, we soon reached our encampment at Suk Wady Barada. Here, long ago, took place one of those ruthless massacres of a band of pilgrims and merchants which are so characteristic of Moslem misrule. The road here cuts a deep chasm through the anti-Lebanon range, bordered by cliffs 700 feet high, above which rises the stupendous mountain wall, like a vast amphi-theatre. The scene is one of wild magnificence, whose interest is heightened by the remarkable remains of ancient power and

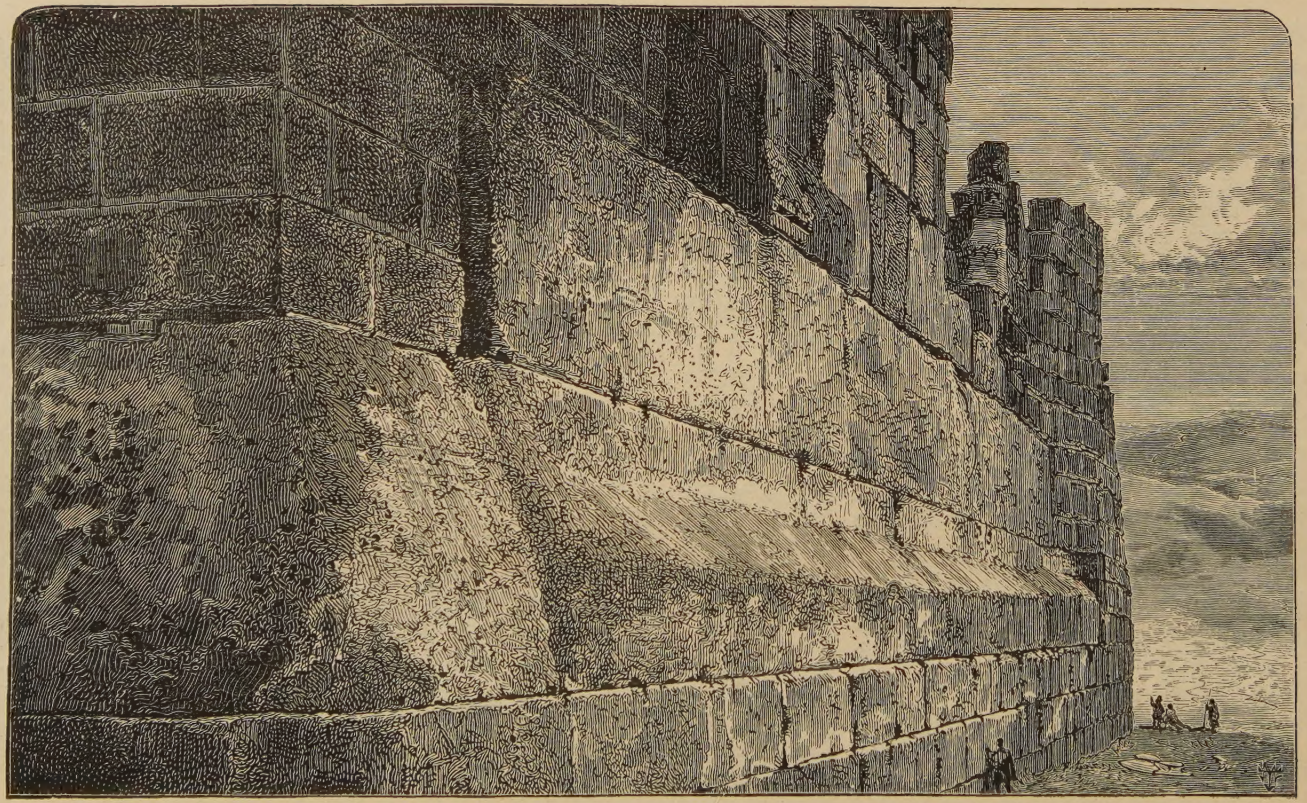
splendour which have earned for it the name of the Petra of Northern Syria.

After dinner I set out under the guidance of a bare-footed Arab to climb these cliffs and explore their ancient aqueducts and tombs. An old Roman road fifteen feet wide has been cleft through the rock for 600 feet and then came to an abrupt terminus. It evidently continued across the pass on a lofty viaduct now destroyed. High up the almost perpendicular face of the cliff, reached by long flights of steps, are numerous rock-hewn tombs, excavated with incredible labour. I counted in one chamber fifteen graves hewn in the rock, quite after the manner of the Roman Catacombs. The tombs were closed with double stone doors, having stone sockets. We crawled through an ancient aqueduct, about two feet wide, and in places so low we had to get upon our hands and knees. At last it came out in the open air on a narrow ledge and was still in part covered by sloping stone slabs. My bare-footed guide could speak no English and I could speak no Arabic, so our communication was entirely by signs. His prehensile toes seemed to clasp the rock, and he firmly held my hand as we crawled and clambered over the precipitous slope.

On a huge slab, on the face of the cliff, was a deeply-cut Latin inscription which affirms that "THE EMPEROR CÆSAR MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS AUGUSTUS ARMENIACUS, AND THE EMPEROR CÆSAR LUCIUS AURELIUS VERUS AUGUSTUS ARMENIACUS RESTORED THE ROAD BROKEN AWAY BY THE FORCE OF THE RIVER, THE MOUNTAINS BEING CUT THROUGH BY JULIUS VERUS, THE LEGATE OF SYRIA, AT THE COST ('IMPENDUS') OF THE ABILENIANS." This identifies this place as the ancient Abilene, so named by tradition from the reputed tomb of Abel, which is still a place of Moslem pilgrimage. The "tomb" is plainly a part of an ancient stone wall, about nine yards long. This district is mentioned by Luke, chapter iii. 1, who says that John the Baptist began preaching in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, Lysanias being the tetrarch of Abilene.

In the deepening twilight I made my way back to the camp, the shadows of the mountain cliffs stretching far across the valley. Other tourist parties joining us here, our encampment assumed quite military proportions, amounting to over 300 persons, including muleteers and camp-followers. About forty snowy tents were pitched, behind which were tethered about a hundred horses, whose champing and stamping made sleep a difficult achievement.

The next morning was bitterly cold, and the scramble up the rugged cliff was an agreeable exercise, but the effect was far less



GREAT STONES IN WALL OF TEMPLE OF BAAL, AT BAALBEC.

impressive than amid the growing twilight of the preceding evening. We followed up the deep valley of the Barada and at length reached the verdant plain of Zebedany, an oasis of beauty seven miles long, and from one to three wide, amid the wilderness of barren and desolate mountains by which it is surrounded. It was studded with fruit trees and sweet-briar rose-bushes. We pressed on to the village of Surghaya near which our camp was pitched. Near here is a ruined khan, a low, flat-roofed building, with stables on one side and travellers' rooms on the other, with rude fireplaces in the corners. The traveller must bring his own rugs, food, bedding and everything. He finds only shelter in these khans. Our clean and comfortable tents were far preferable.

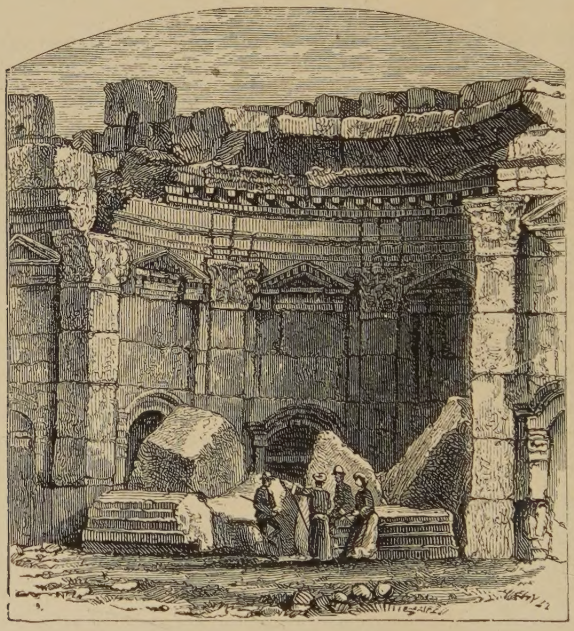
Before dinner we climbed a high hill commanding a broad view, and found some old rock-tombs and exceedingly interesting wine-presses hewn out of the solid rock. Some very ancient levers and rollers for crushing out the wine were still in place. Their use we could not understand till one of the natives in sign language explained the mechanism. The whole mountain side was dotted with sheep and goats, lambs and kids, skipping about in a very lively manner. After dinner we made a tour of the rather squalid Arab village. We were courteously invited to visit the sheikh's house. The sheikh's wife, less reserved than most of her sex in the East, brought cushions for us to sit upon, and showed with much pride what seemed to be a bridal trousseau embroidered in spangles and beads, which she brought from a splendid coffer richly inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Quite an animated conversation took place in signs. It is marvellous how expressive they can be.

We next visited the paltry little bazaar, where the merchant treated us to candy and offered us a puff of his hubble-bubble pipe. He inquired if we came from New York or Brazil, which seemed to be the only places in America that he knew.

On a spur of a neighbouring mountain is the reputed tomb of Seth, the son of Adam, one hundred feet long and ten wide. There were evidently giants on the earth in those days. The Moslems themselves, while exceedingly credulous, write such stories as make credulity ridiculous. Of this the following, as told us by Dr. Jessop, is an example:

"A certain Sheikh Mohammed was the guardian of the tomb of a noted saint. Pilgrims thronged to it from every side, and Mohammed grew rich from their costly offerings. At length his servant Ali, dissatisfied with his meagre share of the revenue, ran away to the east of the Jordan, taking his master's donkey. The donkey died on the road, and Ali, having

covered his body with a heap of stones sat down in despair. A passenger asked why he sat thus in lonely grief? He replied that he had found the tomb of an eminent saint. The man kissed the stones, and giving Ali a present, passed on. The news of the holy shrine spread through the land. Pilgrims thronged to Ali, who soon grew rich, built a fine dome and was the envy of all the sheikhs. Mohammed, hearing of the new shrine, and finding his own eclipsed by its growing popularity, made a pilgrimage to it, in hopes of ascertaining the source of its great repute. On finding Ali in charge he whispered to him, and asked the name of the saint whose tomb he had in charge. 'I will tell you,' said Ali, 'on the condition that you tell me the name of your saint.' Mohammed consenting, Ali whispered, 'This is tomb of the donkey I stole from you.' 'And my shrine is the tomb of that donkey's father,' said Mohammed."



A RECESS OF THE GREAT COURT, BAALBEC.

It was a glorious ride over the crest of anti-Lebanon to Baalbec. We were going over a sort of hog's-back ridge, when a magnificent view of the whole valley of Cœlo-Syria, or Hollow Syria, burst upon our sight, with the magnificent background of the Lebanon range crowned with snowy peaks of dazzling whiteness in the morning sun. The fertile valley between the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon ranges is watered by a branch of the Litany, the largest river in northern Syria.

As we rode along we observed an example of women's rights

in this country, a graceful girl ploughing a stony hillside field. As we approached she drew her veil closely over her face, permitting only her black, flashing eyes to be seen, and stood like a startled fawn at gaze.

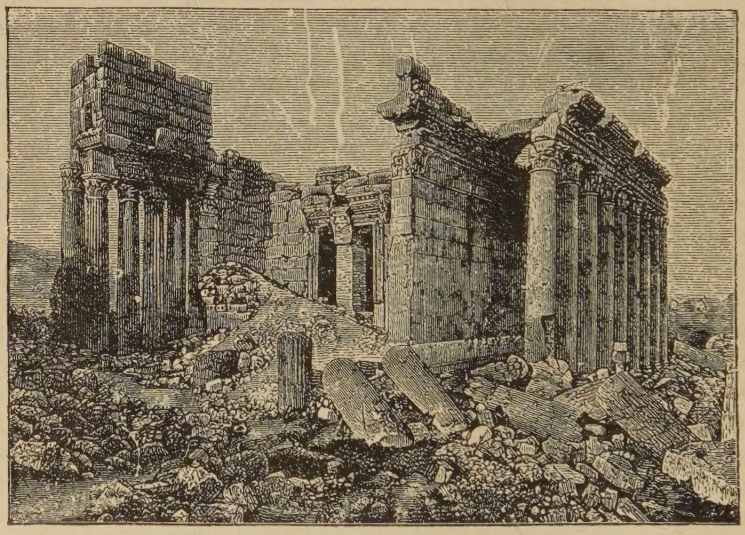
Shortly after noon we reached the squalid modern town of Baalbec, the site of the most stupendous ruins in all Syria, or with the exception of Karnak, perhaps, in the world. From afar loomed up high above all surrounding objects, the six lonely columns with the shattered frieze shown in our initial cut. Once seen they haunt the imagination forever as probably the most impressive architectural fragment of the old Roman world remaining on earth. The Acropolis of Baalbec, surrounded by gardens, rises to the west of the little town. The great temple area was nearly one 1,000 feet in length and 450 feet wide, about the same size as that at Karnak. A broad flight of steps, 150 feet in length and 50 feet wide, led up to the great eastern portico. This portico was a majestic structure, 180 feet long and 37 feet deep, a fitting entrance to the great temple area behind. Beneath this are colossal vaults, far older than the Roman times, with richly carved bosses at the intersections of the groined arches. They have long been used as a shelter for flocks and herds. Here we entered, paying a Turkish dollar each for the privilege.

Flanking the portico are huge towers, built of massy stones, some of them twenty feet long, adorned with pilasters, niches and cornices. The upper parts were battlemented and fortified by the Saracens. The rear wall of the portico is 19 feet in thickness, also built of massive stones. Behind this is a hexagonal hall, 250 feet wide, with lofty chambers on every side, once adorned with stately columns; it is now, however, a mass of crumbled ruins.

A noble portal, 50 feet wide, gives admission to the great court, a quadrangle 440 feet long and 370 wide. This court is surrounded by rectangular or circular recesses, or chambers like that shown in the engraving on page 424; these were elaborately decorated with richly carved columns and scrolls, and columns of syenite from Upper Egypt. Fronting this, on the west, was the great Temple of the Sun, on a platform 300 feet long and 240 wide, and surrounded by a peristyle 290 feet long, 160 broad, consisting of fifty-four columns, $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick, 62 feet high, supporting an entablature some 18 feet in height, 80 feet above the base, and 130 feet above the level of the plain. All that remains of that magnificent peristyle are six columns with their entablature, "standing," says Dr. Thompson, "among the

most wonderful ruins man has ever seen and the like of which he will never again behold."

The capitals are of Corinthian architecture, richly sculptured. The gigantic shafts are in three sections, each over twenty feet in length. The ground is strewn far and wide with the massy drums and capitals and bases, with huge masses of the frieze—all that is left of the greatest temple, save that of Karnak, ever erected for the worship of the Supreme Being. For beyond the brightness of the sun, these mighty builders recognized the Lord of Light and Supreme Giver of Life. In 1751, nine of these columns were standing. Some of those still left are partly undermined, and only a tremor of earthquake is needed to hurl them prostrate with the rest.



TEMPLE OF JUPITER, BAALBEC.

About sixty yards distant is the smaller temple, dedicated to Jupiter—smaller, that is, as compared with the vast Temple of the Sun, but it is actually, says Dr. Thompson, "the largest, the most perfect, and the most magnificent temple in Syria, and is only surpassed in beauty of architecture, through not in size, by the Parthenon in Athens." It was 225 feet long, including colonnades, and 125 feet wide, surrounded by forty-two columns, 5 feet in diameter and 58 feet high. Its great portal, shown in our frontispiece, even in its ruin is of surpassing beauty, 21 feet wide and 42 feet high, though a large portion of it is filled up with rubbish. In 1751 it was still perfect, but shortly after

an earthquake shattered its lintel and allowed the ponderous keystone to slip down several feet, as shown in our cut. There it hung for more than a hundred years, a huge block eleven feet high, 12 feet thick, and 6 feet broad, weighing about sixty tons. The British Consul at Damascus, however, built the pier of masonry by which it is now supported. The exquisite and elaborate carving of the mouldings, and volutes are beyond all praise. There are ears of corn, grapes and vine leaves, while genii lurk behind the intertwining vines.

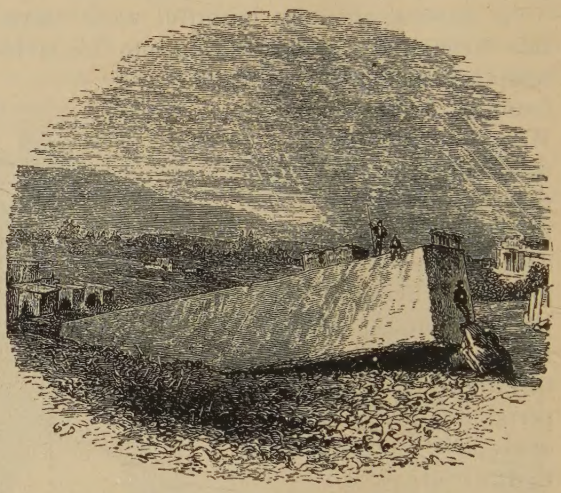
"A more exquisitely beautiful view," says Dr. Jessop, "than that through this portal, looking into this lavish treasure-house of sculpture, cannot be found in the East or West." At the further end is the sanctum or holy place for the altar, with doors leading down to vaults where the priests uttered their mysterious oracles. On either side of the portal is a spiral stair, by whose broken steps we climbed to the top, which still bears a dilapidated Turkish fort, and beneath us, like a map, lay the wide area bestrewn with crumbling ruins. Twenty-two of the columns are still in position. One has been hurled by earthquake against the wall, but so firmly were its joints clamped with iron, that it still remains unbroken. The arched roof of the arcade around this temple was carved into hexagonal panels, each containing busts or scaly-winged dragons, with horrid hair like the Medusa's head.

A FALLEN PILLAR, BAALBEC.

But the marvels of these colossal structures are not yet exhausted. The cyclopean wall which surrounds the acropolis is still more astounding. In this massy wall are seven huge stones, measuring thirty feet in length, thirteen in height and ten in breadth, and upon them, twenty feet above the ground, rest the

largest stones ever handled by man, thirteen feet in height and thickness, and respectively sixty-four feet, sixty-three feet eight inches, and sixty-three feet in length. They contain 32,000 cubic feet and weigh about 91,000 tons each. With such exactness were they cut and polished that the blade of a penknife can scarcely be inserted in the joint, and even now they look like one huge stone, nearly 200 feet long.

In the adjacent wall are nine cyclopean stones, each about 31 feet long, 13 feet high and ten in breadth. It is believed that the vast masses were raised to their position, as were also the mighty columns and architraves, by making a great mound of earth, and by the main force of thousands of men, dragging them to their place. Only when one measures his pigmy proportions against these huge masses does he realize the greatness as well as the littleness of man, by whose strength and skill they have been heaved high in the air.



GREAT STONE IN QUARRY, BAALBEC.

Before leaving these mighty ruins, speaking of the past unto the present, I climbed a huge stone like a fallen crag, and mused and moralized upon the scene. All was silent save the distant voices or light laugh of the tourist group beside the temple of Jupiter. The gay-gowned figure of an Arab glided noiselessly beneath the shadow. Lithe lizards, flashing like living jewels, darted here and there. Shattered columns, architraves and lintels lay half-buried in the sand. The carved niches were empty now of their idols and statues of the emperors. The gods were defaced and mutilated. The prostrate columns lay like fallen giants upon their faces, like Dagon before the Ark of the Lord. The little Christian church, erected in the great court with the fragments of these temples, was itself a wreck. The all-beholding sun, to whose worship this vast structure was erected, looked down,

as he had for ages past, upon their crumbling ruins. I tried to restore in my mind the stately temple of the vanished past. I beheld the gorgeous pageants and processions, and the priests and devotees of the bygone worship of the sun and of Jupiter. I heard again the choric chant and saw the incense smoke arise. Then I woke from my reverie, and cold reality became again a presence. Those six lonely columns—all that was left of this great and goodly temple—seemed more deeply to emphasize the sense of desolation. "O ye vain, false gods of Helas, ye are silent evermore!" In the soft afternoon light, an old-gold colour suffused the mellow surface of the columns, clearly defined against the background of the blue sky and the distant snowy Lebanon, and tender shadows slowly crept across the mighty ruin. The whole weird scene made a picture which is stamped upon the memory forever.

RUINS OF PALMYRA.

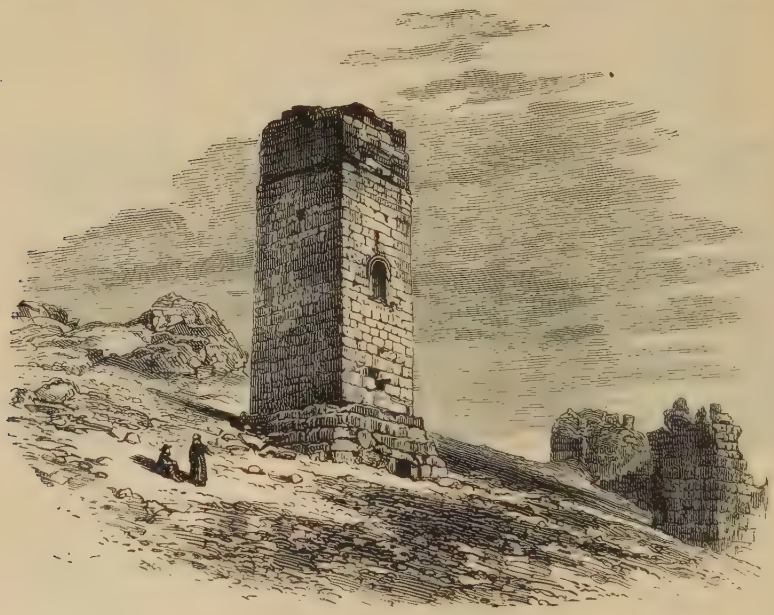
A short distance without the walls is a another lovely octagonal structure, the so-called temple of Venus, forty feet in diameter, surrounded by a peristyle of six Corinthian columns and a rich Corinthian frieze, shown in the upper part of cut on page 427, with niche-like recesses on every side for statues of the gods.

In a little marshy meadow, not far off, is a roofless, ruined mosque, its columns of syenite and porphyry taken from the courts of the temples, and capitals and carvings stolen from some older ruin.

Near the wall is the quarry from which these huge stones were brought, and here still lies the hugest of them all, not quite detached from the native rock. I climbed to its top, on which two carriages could easily drive abreast. It is sixty-eight feet four inches long, seventeen feet wide, and fourteen feet seven inches high. Its estimated weight is about 15,000 tons, or nearly

3,000,000 pounds. It is about four times as large as the obelisks of London and New York. "Some sudden war, pestilence or revolution," says Dr. Jessop, "must have interrupted the plans of those ancient builders, or they would not have expended the labour of months, and possibly years, upon this mighty block, and then abandon it, still undetached from the quarry."

But little is known of the history of these great temples. It is supposed that the allusion in Amos i. 5, "I will cut off the inhabitant from the plain of Aven," refers to this seat of ancient idolatry. Baalbec has been identified also as the Baalath of 1 Kings ix. 17-18, built by Solomon in the wilderness. Universal



BURIAL TOWER, PALMYRA.

Arab tradition affirms that these cyclopean walls were erected by the wise king of Israel, assisted by the genii who were under his control. In ancient times, on every high hill, on Hermon and Lebanon, were groves and temples erected to the sun god, and here was, doubtless, one of the most sacred.

In the second and third Christian centuries Baalbec was a Roman colony, and in the coinage of the period are seen effigies of these temples. The lesser one was probably built by Antoninus Pius. Under Constantine Christianity was here established, but heathen customs were again revived by the Apostate Julian. It fell under the rule of the Moslems, and was by them converted

into a fortress. For centuries the ruthless destruction of the columns and carved stones has gone on unchecked. "Happy the traveller," says Dr. Jessop, "whose lot it shall be to see Baalbec even in its present declining glory before the relentless forces of nature and the not less relentless hand of man shall have completed the destruction."

NOTE.—The only ruins in Syria that will at all compare with those at Baalbec are the remains of the city of Palmyra, the "Tadmor in the wilderness," built by Solomon. (1 Kings ix. 18; 2 Chron. viii. 4.) The clustered columns are far more numerous than at Baalbec, but none of them are of such stupendous size. One colonnade was originally more than a mile in length. The great central square was over 700 feet on each side. One hundred of the more than fifteen hundred columns, with two crumbling triumphal arches, still remain; but the thousand statues of the heroes and gods, with the carved plinths and capitals, lie in tumbled confusion on the ground.

An evidence of the great population of Palmyra is the vast cemetery, containing a number of towers of silence in every stage of dilapidation. One of these is shown in the cut on page 430. It had places for four hundred and eighty bodies.

Here was the school of the sublime Longinus and the throne of the noble Zenobia, after whom are still named many of the maidens of the East. For a thousand years after Solomon, it is not mentioned in history, but it rose to fame in the early Christian centuries. The Roman Emperor Adrian adorned the city with many of its greatest temples and colonnades and gave it his own name, Adrianopolis. The brief but brilliant career of Zenobia, her defeat and capture by Aurelian, and the gorgeous pageant, in which, with a long train of captives of many lands, loaded with golden fetters, she was led in triumph to Rome, make one of the most striking episodes in history.

NATURE has ripened her fruit and grain;
  But what, O soul! are the sheaves you bring?
While the rich earth offers her golden gifts,
  What is the gain of your harvesting?

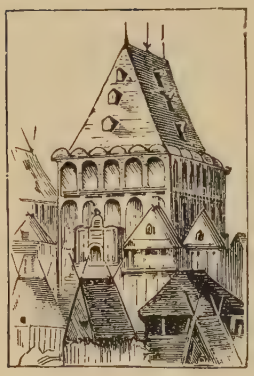
Have you garnered patience from day to day?
  Have you gathered the precious fruit of love?
Has charity grown by the dew of tears
  And the sunshine streaming from above?

In the sheathing husk of the outward life
  Have you found the kernel God yearns to give
Have you gained with the body's nourishment
  The "word" by which a man doth "live"?

—*Mrs. M. F. Butts.*

MADAGASCAR.—ITS MISSIONARIES AND MARTYRS.*

BY MRS. E. S. STRACHAN.



ROYAL PALACE, ANTANANARIVO.

THREE hundred miles off the south-east coast of Africa is situated the island of Madagascar, the third largest island in the world, four times the size of England and Wales. With several mountain ranges, the highest peak reaching 9,000 feet, there is a delightful climate; numerous streams and lakes give fertility to many plains, now well cultivated. The hilly region is surrounded by a dense forest belt of valuable timber. The flora and fauna are abundant, furnishing two hundred and fifty varieties of ferns, and orchids unrivalled, with numberless birds of beautiful plumage, and small animals in great numbers. Unquestionably the uplands are attractive.

The climate in the low country, sloping to the coast, is, on the contrary, hot and damp, producing malaria, very prejudicial to the health of Europeans. Rice is the staple food, and fruits grow similar to those of India and China. The people are called Malagasy, from the Malays, being Polynesian rather than African, although the original inhabitants may have come from South Africa. They formed numerous tribes, speaking various dialects, but had no written characters till Christian missionaries reduced the language to writing, thus opening the door of intercourse here, as in so many islands of the deep, with the outside world.

Although not so degraded as some, yet many evils prevailed, such as lying, theft, laziness, drunkenness, polygamy, infanticide,

*Gleanings from "Madagascar, Its Missionaries and Martyrs." By William John Townsend, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs.

Current events in Madagascar give special interest to the story of its conversion to Christianity. A recent paper says: "The French are bullying the Hovas of Madagascar again. On the score of carrying blessing, with her she has positively no excuse at all for interfering in Madagascar. She found there a Christian government, progressing rapidly in civilization—a civilization due chiefly to the self-denial of English missionaries. The French carried thither a condition of ceaseless petty war between them and the lawful government. They found there a necessary prohibitory law

and slavery, chiefly of bankrupt debtors and prisoners of war, a slave trade also being carried on with the Arabs. Their houses were built of hard red clay thatched with grass or rushes; their industries were agriculture, spinning, weaving, and working among metals. A feudal form of government was maintained, the rule being moderate and the people generally law-abiding, although clans were often quarrelling. There seemed to be no special form of worship, and no temples, but idols were recognized and Fetishism prevailed. Persons suspected of witchcraft had to submit to the drinking of taugena water, or "poison ordeal," causing the death of more than one-fourth of those undergoing it.

The population of Madagascar is now estimated to be about 5,000,000. Antananarivo, the capital, containing 100,000 people, has been rebuilt since the introduction of Christianity and is a fine city. Tamatave, the principal port on the east, has a population of 6,000. Most of the early information concerning Madagascar is due to Robert Drury, who was shipwrecked in 1702 and was not restored to his friends till after fifteen years residence among the people.

Soon after the discovery of Madagascar by the Portuguese in 1506, some Romish priests commenced teaching, but the French broke up the Portuguese occupation and the mission. Again in the middle of the 17th century, other priests attempted the propagation of their faith, but using intimidation, they and their followers were put to death.

As early as 1796, the London Missionary Society began to look towards Madagascar as a field for Christian effort, but it was not till 1818 that Revs. S. Bevan and D. Jones arrived at Tamatave, having left their wives and children in Mauritius. As the king was at this time somewhat incensed against the English, it was decided to open work at the coast. Mr. Bragg, an English trader, showed much friendliness, inviting them to his residence and then erecting a mission house, where a school was opened with six pupils. All being auspicious, the two missionaries returned to Mauritius.

for the protection of the natives from their worst enemy; they carried with them brandy, and insisted on being allowed to use its befooling power in trading with people. The liquor power and the ever troublous Jesuit have been France's leading motors in her assaults on Madagascar, as in many other places. As for the wiping out of the Hova Government, and with it the Protestant religion and the morals of the people, France has tried it several times already, and has gained enough experience not to attempt it without a very serious armament. It seems a pity that no one may stand up for a brave people facing such fearful odds in the cause of patriotism and righteousness."

ANTANANARIVO, CAPITAL OF MADAGASCAR.

On the return of Mr. and Mrs. Jones they were saluted by "Welcome! welcome!" from their former pupils. The chief gave ground for a school-house, which was commenced. The season, however, was unhealthy; heavy rains fell, the house was damp and all were laid up with fever. On Dec. 13th their child died; on the 29th Mrs. Jones followed, while the bereft husband and father was himself very low. In January, Mr Bevan and family, whom illness had detained in Mauritius, arrived. Before January closed he and his little infant filled one grave, and in February his sorrowing wife followed. To add to the troubles Mr. Bragg turned against Mr. Jones, the only survivor, and so ill-treated him in his repeated attacks of fever, that on the 3rd of July he sailed for Mauritius, where he remained fourteen months, studying the Malagasy language and teaching.

In December, 1820, Mr. Jones opened a school with three pupils, in the capital, and the king laid the foundation of a residence with considerable ceremony. In May, 1821, Rev. David Griffiths arrived, accompanied by a small band of European artisans. These were followed the next year by Rev. J. Jeffreys and wife,

with four skilled workmen, when a third school was opened. The missionaries, while learning the names of objects, performed the difficult task of learning, constructing and teaching the language at the same time. In two years they fixed the alphabet, which still continues to be used. Next year an adult school was established in the courtyard of the palace, which was attended by 300 officers and their wives. After a time schools had increased to the number of thirty-two, attended by 4,000 young people.

New recruits were soon added to the list of worthies devoted to the salvation of Madagascar. In 1826, a great impetus was given by the introduction of a printing press, and six young men were set apart to learn its use, but the printer was seized with fever and died two days after his arrival. Others, however, attempted to use it, and with such success that on January 1st, 1828, the first sheet of St. Luke's Gospel was printed.

Now came the first evidences of desire to confess Christ, bringing great joy to those who had so faithfully laboured. It was thought wise that the rite of baptism should be explained to King Radama by Mr. Jones, and permission was obtained for any to be baptized or married.

The health of the King began to decline, and through fever, aggravated by intemperance, his death occurred at the early age of thirty-six years. His reign was unequalled in many respects, in the improvement of the people and the country, most of the tribes being united in one, in alliances with western people, in commerce and civilization. The slave trade had been suppressed, education developed, industries and arts introduced, language reduced to writing, witchcraft and idolatry thrown off and the Gospel proclaimed and received by many.

Radama left no son, but adopted as his successor Rakatobe, an amiable, intelligent young man, the first scholar to enter the mission school eight years previous, and who, there was good reason to think, had been converted to God. While his friends were delaying to mature their plans, a plot was arranged by Ranavalona, one of Radama's wives, a bold, ambitious woman, who had Prince Rakatobe seized and taken out some distance to the brink of a newly opened grave. After a few moments' respite, reluctantly granted, which he spent in earnest prayer, he was heartlessly speared and buried.

All the relatives of Radama were put to death; the troops were pledged to the service of this wicked woman, who closed the schools and drafted 700 teachers and scholars into the army. She was crowned holding the old national idols in her hand and professing her faith in them.

By March, 1830, there were 5,000 copies of the New Testament printed in Malagasy, and Christian hearts were cheered by the crowds attending the preaching, twenty-eight converts being baptized in 1831, six of whom afterwards became preachers and teachers. Petty persecution developed devotion, meetings for the study of the Bible and prayer increased, and believers multiplied, so that at the end of the year there were seventy enrolled in one church. Several of the royal family and officials confessed their faith in Christ, and desired baptism.

In 1832 occurred the first death among the converts, a poor slave, who had learned to read while attending his young master to school. His parting words were, "I am going to Jehovah Jesus. He is fetching me. I do not fear, I do not fear." About 15,000 young people had passed through the schools and had taught others, so that multitudes could now read the Word of God.

TRAVELLING IN MADAGASCAR.

The villages for a hundred miles around the capital received the Scriptures.

Ominous clouds, however, soon began to gather, orders being given that no one should learn to read or write except in Government schools, and that idols should be worshipped. The missionaries were summoned to receive the command of the queen that religion should no longer be taught. An edict was proclaimed, restoring idolatry, forbidding Christian observances, and requiring all Christians to acknowledge themselves as such on pain of death. Hundreds of pupils, with twelve teachers, confessed their faith. Of those in the service of the Government, four hundred were degraded in rank and income, others were fined, and there was scarcely a family in the city which escaped. It was represented that Christians were disloyal, and the queen was incited to shed blood. Though a few apostatized, the great body of believers remained faithful, their testimony in some instances resulting in the conversion of those sent to entrap them. The

year 1836 was one of bitter trial. One after another of the missionaries was obliged to leave.

The first convert singled out for special persecution was Rafaravavy, a lady who had been led to Christ in the reign of Radama, chiefly through the influence of a native Christian. Taking a large house, she devoted it to the use of the mission. Betrayed by three of her slaves, she had only time to hide her Bibles and other books, and then awaited the result. Her father, though a heathen, ordered these slaves to be fettered and imprisoned. She liberated, wept over, and forgave them. Two became Christians and one a martyr. Refusing to divulge the names of her companions, the queen ordered her to death; but high officials pleading the services rendered to the state by her father and brother she was reprieved, but a fine was inflicted and a warning given. She then took a house in another town where many Christians resorted, some coming for miles.

SHIPPING CATTLE, MADAGASCAR.

About a year after, two women told of ten Christians who had met in this house. Rafaravavy was ordered to reveal their names, but fearlessly refused. In two weeks the house was pillaged and Rafaravavy was led to execution. During the night, however, a large portion of the city was destroyed by fire, so that her sentence was delayed.

A young woman named Rasalama was distinguished by being the first one put to death for her faith, 1837. She declared that she had no fear, but was glad to be reckoned worthy to suffer for Christ. After this, two hundred under arrest were condemned to perpetual slavery. Fettered at night they comforted each other in their small huts by reciting portions of Scripture, especially the 46th Psalm.

Rafaravavy, ironed and guarded for some time, was now offered for sale in the market-place. Bought by the chief military officer, she was treated kindly and allowed considerable liberty as long as her work was done. Her husband in the army obtained leave of absence, and spent what time he could with her.

The next victim was Rafaralahy, who had witnessed the execution of Rasalama. He was betrayed by a backslider, who gave also the names of twelve others. Being led to the place of execution, after prayer for his country, his associates and himself, his spirit was liberated by the point of the spear.

For several months Rafaravavy and two companions were fugitives amid all kinds of perils, sometimes preserved as if by miracle. At last they heard that Rev. D. Johns had ventured to return to give what succour he could to the oppressed Christians. By wearisome journeyings and frequent hiding, through fatigue and anxiety, they at last reached the ship which was to bear them to Mauritius. They were soon joined by those who had helped their escape. After resting a time they sailed for England, where they were most heartily welcomed by the London Missionary Society, and where they remained for three years. Returning to Mauritius, a house was secured, where Rafaravavy resided till her death, sheltering and ministering to the fugitive Christians.

Another victim was Ravahiny, who had been divorced for being a Christian. Her father refused her a shelter, and she was forced to drink the taugena water, which resulted in her death. Others were beaten and sold into slavery for reading the Bible.

The queen, increasing in ferocity, ordered the soldiers to bind the Christians hand and foot and cast them into a pit, to pour boiling water upon them till they died, and to then fill up the pit. In May, 1840, sixteen native Christians tried to escape, but they were recaptured. Eleven of them were executed (two had escaped). Being too weak to walk, they were tied to poles and carried. "Serenity and joy were on all their countenances," and they gave a brave testimony followed by prayer, during which they were quickly speared.

In 1843, one of their best friends died—Rev David Johns, who had laboured for about eighteen years as preacher, pastor, hymn writer and translator of the Pilgrim's Progress, helping some to escape and cheering the poor tried hearts. During the persecution, which lasted from 1836 to 1843, the hearts of believers were wonderfully and graciously sustained, and there were many secret conversions. Faith and love were being rooted as they could not have been under outward prosperity. From 1843 to 1849 there was a lull, the Government being engaged in serious disputes with France and England, which gave the Christians a welcome respite.

"The word of the Lord was precious in those days," and many gathered in little groups secretly to read over its blessed promises

and strengthen each other in God. In 1849 the queen was enraged to find that in spite of her persecution the Christians increased. Two houses belonging to Prince Ramonja, where meetings had been held, were demolished; all Christians were ordered to accuse themselves so as to have a lighter punishment than death. Many bold testimonies for Christ were given. A nobleman showed such a brave spirit that his public examination was stopped so as not to draw forth more admiration from the bystanders. He was burned to death.

A young lady, a special favourite of the queen, named Ranivo, while closely questioned, was true to her faith in God, refusing to worship idols, and with others was put in irons to await the pleasure of Ranavalona, which was declared the next day: four were to be burned, fourteen were to be hurled from a lofty rock near the palace and their families sold into slavery. Besides these, one hundred and seventeen were consigned to hard labour and chains for life, one hundred and five of them being publicly flogged. Sixty-four were fined heavily, while lighter fines were imposed on sixteen hundred and forty-three who were guilty of simply attending public worship. All officers implicated were deprived of office, or degraded in rank. Nearly three thousand thus suffered, Prince Ramonja among them. The prince royal only escaped because the mother prevailed over the tyrant, saying, "Rakatoud is young; he does not know what is proper, and he is my only son."

"THE ROCK OF HURLING."

With hymns and prayer the Christians went to their fate, singing in the midst of the flames, and saying, "Lord Jesus, receive our spirits," and "Lay not this sin to their charge." Showers of rain put out the flames, but they were rekindled more than once.

Fourteen victims were then led to the "Rock of Hurling," about 150 feet above the plain. Bound and wrapped in matting they were lowered a short distance over the edge, and then, on again refusing to worship the idols, the rope was cut and they fell on the rocks below.

By order of the queen, Ranivo was stationed in full view of all these horrors, but still remaining unshaken in her fealty to God, an officer struck her, saying, "You are a fool, you are mad," and she was reported insane and put in safe keeping.

This spectacle had a very impressive effect on the people, convincing many of the reality and power of Divine truth. Believers multiplied; secret meetings were held in seven places in the capital, and sixty-eight members in one church alone celebrated the Lord's supper monthly.

The death, in 1852, of Rainiharo, the prime minister, an adviser of cruelty, gave a little respite from persecution. He was succeeded by his son, a friend of Prince Rakatoud, who became Secretary of State and an officer in the palace. It was rumoured that his mother thought of abdicating in his favour. Encouraged by these good tidings the London Missionary Society sent Rev. Wm. Ellis to investigate affairs and to strengthen the Christians. He succeeded in distributing 1,500 Bibles, Testaments and Psalms. Although active persecution had ceased, yet the Christian religion was still prohibited. He exerted a profound influence on the destiny of the island.

In less than three months a persecution broke out as fierce as ever, partly induced by political events. For some years, two French gentlemen had resided at the capital, a manufacturer and a planter, who now conceived the idea of placing Prince Rakatoud on the throne. Mr. Lambert, the planter, went to France to enlist the help of Napoleon. Failing in this he returned. The plot being found out, the queen was so enraged that she immediately ordered the French gentlemen and two Jesuit priests out of the country. This not sufficing, she vented her rage on the Christians. Being warned, they fled in great numbers to distant parts of the island. Bands of soldiers were sent in search of fugitives, and about 300 were arrested on the charge of praying, reading the Bible and singing hymns. More than 200 were condemned to various punishments, the most prominent being sentenced to death. Fourteen

were stoned in one day and others subsequently. Their heads were severed and fixed on poles, but under darkness their friends would come and rescue their remains for Christian burial.

Fifty-seven or more were chained together by the neck and driven to distant parts of the island, where more than half died, after enduring indescribable torture. One set of irons weighed fifty-six pounds. If any chained together died, their comrades had to drag the dead bodies fastened to them until death liberated them also. Some were thrown over the rocks, others were sold into slavery; a few escaped death but had to remain in hiding for years. This awful persecution was the fiercest and the last.

Relief came at last in the death of Ranavalona, July, 1861, after a reign of thirty-three years, twenty-five of which had been marked by her cruelty to the Christians, making her the "Bloody Mary" of modern days.

THE REV. WILLIAM ELLIS.

Prince Rakatoud was proclaimed king under the title of Radama II. The joy of the people was very great, especially that of the Christians, whose feelings found utterance in the words of the Psalmist, "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like those that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter and our tongue with singing."

On the day of his accession, Radama proclaimed perfect religious freedom to all. Great rejoicing followed. Banished ones were reunited to their families and confiscated property was restored to its rightful owners.

Although the young king had never confessed himself a Christian, yet he had no faith in idols and banished them from the

palace, dispensing with the attendance of priests and diviners. Unfortunately, however, he did not choose wise counsellors, but, following the example of Rehoboam, appointed to office companions of his youth, with no experience or ability, and neglected the veteran to whom he chiefly owed his crown. In order to increase the trade and wealth of his kingdom, he abolished all duties on imports, and the first result was a terrible influx of intoxicating liquors, 60,000 gallons of rum being admitted in one week. Drinking and other vices took hold of the king, and he quickly ran a downward course.

Soon after the death of Ranavalona, eleven houses were opened as places of worship; then five chapels were speedily built. Upon hearing of the accession of Radama, the London Missionary Society requested Rev. W. Ellis to proceed at once to Madagascar, and prepare for new agents and extended work. He had learned that several Romish priests had penetrated to the capital, but that the people were anxious for their old teachers.

In 1862, Mr. Ellis was welcomed to Tamatave by the Christians. Near the capital he was met by a large company of men, who escorted him with hymns to a comfortable house, which had been provided. Crowds welcomed him, and gifts poured in so abundantly that he had to distribute to the poor. Summoned the next day to an audience with the king and queen, he told them the plans of the London Missionary Society, and also conveyed despatches from the Governor of Mauritius, one being a letter from Queen Victoria, assuring the king of the friendship of Britain.

Mr. Ellis early visited the places of martyrdom, and on the first Sabbath went to one chapel which had been crowded since break of day. The song of joyous praise that burst from these thousand hearts was thrilling. Mr. Ellis also gave instructions for two hours daily to the sons of some of the princes and nobles, and he read English to the king.

The mission was strengthened by the coming of Rev. R. Toy and Mrs. Toy; a medical missionary and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Davidson; a schoolmaster, Mr. Stagg; and a skilled printer, Mr. Parrett. On the following Sabbath the communion was observed by 800, who had been admitted to church fellowship by native evangelists, and had proved faithful amid persecution. The churches were now properly organized with native pastors and deacons. Thirteen thousand pounds were subscribed in England for the erection of churches on the spots where the martyrs had suffered, which sites were given by the king and his ministers. At once, men, women and children began to work, singing as they

laboured, and soon spacious churches were built and filled with earnest worshippers.

During this period the king was becoming more profligate. Under the baneful influence of Lambert, the Frenchman, he was induced, while intoxicated, "to sign a concession of rights to him over one-third of the arable land of the kingdom, of working all its mines, of conducting what manufactures he pleased, and of introducing Jesuits without any limit," all of which were violations of the laws of the land. He sanctioned the settlement of disputes by open battle, which greatly alarmed the wiser statesmen. Deaf to their protests, stronger measures were deemed necessary. Some of the king's favourites were seized and put to death, then some of his officers and nobles, followed by the assassination of the king himself, May 12th, 1863. Early promise was sadly disappointed, though substantial good had been gained during this short reign.

The crown was offered to the queen upon certain considerations, and a constitutional government was formed. Though an idolater she proved a good ruler, and granted liberty of conscience, except that sometimes Christians found they had to work on the Sabbath.

To arouse an aggressive spirit among the Christians, a plan was adopted which would doubtless prove advantageous if more generally observed in so-called Christian lands, that of having a missionary prayer-meeting once a month. The first had to be held in the open air, so many crowded to it, at least 3,000, and it lasted several hours.

A medical dispensary, under Dr. Davidson, was a means of blessing to multitudes. Mr. Stagg, the schoolmaster, was greatly pleased with the aptitude of the children, and was trying to establish a thorough system of education, when death terminated his labours. A large new edition of the Bible, revised by Mr. Griffiths, was circulated, also school books and periodicals.

An architect from England superintended the erection of the memorial churches. The cornerstone of the first was laid January 19th, 1864, by the prime minister. After many difficulties and great wonder of the people, who contributed liberally, the building was completed and consecrated January, 1867. A clock was put in the tower, the first public time-keeper in Madagascar. In 1864, there were more than 7,000 worshippers in the city alone, and the work was extending to the villages.

Rasoherina had many difficulties in her short reign with the Sakalavas; with Lambert the French adventurer, who insisted on his agreement with the late king being honoured, and to satisfy which claim $240,000 had to be paid; and with Jesuit priests,

who gave her great annoyance; but she was a woman of ability and integrity, and conscientiously carried out her promise of perfect religious liberty.

Her first prime minister becoming a drunkard, he was succeeded by one of the ablest statesmen that Madagascar had produced. In 1868 the queen's health failed, and the late prime minister formed a conspiracy to place a young man who professed Christianity on the throne. The plot was discovered, however, and means taken to thwart it. When the news reached the queen she sent an order for all who were loyal to resort to her. Although very weak, she was brought out on a couch to the verandah, and was greatly touched by the loyalty displayed. Carried to the capital, she died on the 1st of April. It was said that before her death she prayed to God. The next day her niece, Ramona, was proclaimed queen under the title of Ranavalona II. Her first act was to inform the missionaries that their privileges would be preserved. The conspirators were then tried. Some urged capital punishment, but to this the queen would not consent. Idols were banished, with the priests and diviners, from the palace. An order was shortly issued that no Government work was to be done on the Sabbath, and that markets held on Sunday must take place on some other day. Native preachers were directed at certain times to read the Bible and pray in the courtyard of the palace.

MARTYRS' MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

At the coronation the canopy was decorated with texts of Scripture, and an elegantly bound copy of the Bible was laid side by side with the laws of the country. In her address the queen said: "I have brought my kingdom to lean upon God, and I expect you, one and all, to be wise and just, and to walk in His ways." On returning to her palace she requested a native pastor to offer prayer. A month later she and her prime minister were publicly baptized two days after their marriage, and they wrought together for the good of their people. From childhood she had been impressed with thoughts of God; subsequently she had received instruction from one of the four noblemen who had been martyred, which had led to her thorough conversion.

Many others were baptized, and there was an increase to the congregations of 16,000 in one year. According to the ancient

custom of each sovereign erecting a stately building at the beginning of the reign, Ranavalona II. erected a church in the court of the palace for the royal use; which still stands, a beautiful house of prayer.

The queen had all the idols in the land belonging to the crown destroyed, and many followed her example. Meeting the desire of the people for instruction, the prime minister and the missionaries selected one hundred and twenty-six native Christians and sent them to teach and preach. Many reforms were made in her fifteen-year reign. Schools of all grades were opened and compulsory education carried out; churches were built, sometimes at the royal expense; trial by jury was instituted and police appointed. Slavery was prohibited, and when her edicts were evaded she and her husband sacrified their private fortune and liberated all the slaves in the island, numbering 150,000.

Imperious and unjust demands from the French met with a dignified refusal; and then, going apart, the queen, like Hezekiah, laid the letters before God, calling on Him for help. Appeals to other nations met with no response. Then, assembling the people, she declared she must defend the land, and called on them to trust in God and prepare to fight and, if need be, die for the country. One hundred thousand volunteered.

The French, without any formal declaration of war, invaded the land, and at once the queen gave notice to all of that nationality and Jesuit priests to leave. Fever and the immorality of the troops made the death-rate forty per cent., and they never ventured beyond the range of their own guns unless to meet with quick repulse. For four years the Malagasy conducted the war with great prudence and some success, while there was no sign of moral deterioration.

During this conflict the good queen sickened, and died on the 13th July, 1883, after summoning her husband and niece, who was to succeed her, and charging them to encourage religion, and lead the kingdom still to rest upon God in whom she trusted, and that the French were never to have one foot of the land. During her whole reign she had been a high-minded Christian, spending two or three hours daily in the study of the Bible and prayer.

The niece, as Ranavalona III., ascended the throne at twenty years of age, well educated at the Friends' school and the London Missionary Society high-school, a thorough Christian. She immediately incited the people to continued trust in God and loyal defence of their country. They generally "gave themselves to prayer," and seemed to grow more robust as they

obeyed the injunction, "love your enemies." The French were forced to withdraw, having lost about 12,000 soldiers and 100,000,000 francs without gaining any real advantage.

The Malagasy had not lost many except by fever, and had kept all their cities. The terms of peace, however, were most unjust to Madagascar, requiring her to pay an indemnity of £400,000, while France had to relinquish the harbour of San Diego Suarez, with surrounding territory. Internal affairs were left in the hands of the queen and government, but a French ambassador was to live at the capital with military attendants, and no foreign relations were to be undertaken without his consent, and Romish churches and schools were to be placed on the same footing as Protestant ones.

This treaty has been a source of great trouble, both from the arrogance of the French resident and still more from the encroachments of the Jesuits, who fomented treason and, in 1886, attempted to capture all the schools and colleges of the capital. At last the prime minister had to arrest them and break up their establishment.

Other societies have laboured in later years in different parts of the island with considerable success, all working harmoniously with each other. The London Missionary Society, honoured as being the pioneer, cannot but regard Madagascar as one of its noblest trophies, maintaining thirty-two missionaries, superintending the theological institution, normal and other schools, with all its other various interests. They have 760 ordained native ministers, and more than 5,000 other preachers and teachers, over 60,000 church members and 200,000 adherents, besides 100,000 scholars. The sovereign and chief members of the government are Christians.

The greatest danger to be feared is the evil that may result from intercourse with foreign traders and the drink traffic. If free from the grasping interference of foreign nations, especially France, it would appear that Madagascar might be a contented, prosperous and well-governed kingdom. All her advancement hitherto has been due to the acceptance and observance of the truths and laws of God's Word, brought to them by devoted missionaries, who also taught and developed unnumbered temporal industries and resources.

The sympathy of all thoughtful Christians must surely be with this people and their queen, trying to resist the inroads of vice and unlawful aggression, while building up their little kingdom in righteousness.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY.*

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If anyone will take the trouble to observe with some care the mental development of a little child, he will not be long in discovering that there is a progress from *consciousness* to *self-consciousness*. At first the child is quite lost in the objective world, the world of *things* round about him. He has no idea —so far as we can see—of *himself*, as distinct from this material environment. His thought may be said, at this stage, to be objective, rather than subjective or reflective. The idea of *self* is an attainment made gradually, through many and varied experiences. This does not mean that the human being at first *is not* a self; but simply that at first the self is unconscious *of itself*, as something distinct from the world of objects by which it is surrounded.

To follow the rise and growth of this consciousness of self is a very interesting study, but it is not the object of the present article. The fact is mentioned only for the purpose of illustration. That which is true of the child, is true also of the race. The race, like the child, was conscious first, and self conscious afterwards. The earliest philosophy of which we have any record—the philosophy of the Milesian Greeks—was a philosophy of nature. The thinkers of that early time looked out upon the world of nature, and with naïve, child like wonder, speculated as to the origin and constitution of material things; apparently never dreaming that the full answer to this question would still leave something unexplained. It remained for the thinkers of a later generation to draw attention to the inadequacy of a philosophy of nature to account for all the facts, and to point out the need of a philosophy of spirit as well. To Socrates the Greeks were indebted for the first distinct enunciation of this double realm of investigation; and to Plato and Aristotle for the elaborate systematization and classification of the philosophies of nature and spirit.†

* Dr. Tracy is the author of an admirable work on the "Psychology of Childhood," which has won high commendation from the critical press.—Ed.

† The reader must not conclude, from the above statements, that the ancient philosophers were materialists in the modern sense of that term. Modern materialism exc'udes the notion of immortality; not so the materialism of the ancient Greeks. Though they had no idea of the soul

Hence it is that psychology—the science of mind, the study and investigation of the phenomenena of spirit, as distinguished from the investigation of material things; the study of the inner or subjective, as opposed to the outer or objective—is later in its development than the physical sciences. Just as the little child is at first wholly engrossed with those things which he can see, hear, taste and touch, and has no thought of himself as the seeing, hearing, tasting, and touching one; so the thinking world was at first attracted outward, to the macrocosm of materiality, and only at a later time did it come to reflect upon the microcosm of soul and mind. The metaphysics of the ancient world were physical and not psychological. The study of mind has followed the study of matter.

Once begun, however, psychological study has been pursued in much the same spirit, and has been hampered by much the same difficulties, as in the case of physical science. One fact is so specially prominent, and so largely determines the direction of all human thought, that attention must be drawn to it here. It may be expressed briefly by saying that the human mind, speaking generally, prefers metaphysics to science. By metaphysics I mean speculation concerning the ultimate nature of things; by science, the investigation of the phenomena of the things.*

To illustrate: When men first began to take notice of the world around them, and to observe the sun and stars, their first proceeding was not to examine and observe, with the object of discovering the actual behaviour of these heavenly bodies, and the laws by which that behaviour was governed; but rather to speculate regarding the origin and ultimate constitution of the

as a spiritual entity, but thought of it always under some material form, (light airy vapour, *e.g.*,) yet on the other hand they held to the dualism of soul and body, and believed that the soul detached itself, at the death of the body, and took its journey to the abodes of the departed. Anaxagoras foreshadowed, to a certain extent, the Socratic doctrine of the spirituality of the immortal part of man, as well as of the divine nature itself.

* "Phenomena" means "appearances" or "manifestations" of a thing, as distinguished from the thing itself. *E.g.*, the colour, hardness, weight, odour, etc., of a material substance, are its phenomena, because they are "manifest" to our senses; but the material substance itself, of which the colour, etc., are attributes (phenomena), is not a phenomenon; and if apprehended at all, must be apprehended by some other faculty than that of sense. The phenomena of things form the subject-matter of science; the things themselves, the subject-matter of metaphysics.

world; whether it had limits in space or was unlimited, whether it had a beginning in time or was eternal, etc. Just so regarding the study of mental phenomena. The earliest speculations concerning mind were directed to the metaphysical problems of the nature of the soul, its origin, and the like, with very scanty attention to the actual behaviour of mind as seen in mental phenomena. And this metaphysical attitude was the predominant one, not only in ancient, but still more so in mediæval, and scarcely less so in modern times.

In the writings of Locke—one of the most scientific men of his age—one can see this metaphysical tendency very strong. Though his method was avowedly that of simply looking into his own mind, to see what could be observed there, yet on almost every page of his Essay we find metaphysical discussions concerning matters which lie utterly beyond the reach of observation. Indeed it can scarcely be questioned that metaphysics—much as it has been decried in certain quarters—will always be, as it always has been, the most attractive field of human inquiry; and that all purely scientific pursuits are followed in the hope——tacit or avowed—of their leading some day towards a solution of those transcendent problems which the human spirit cannot help putting to itself concerning the universe, the soul, and the Divine nature.

But while all this is true, it is, on the other hand, coming to be recognized in our day that the persistent pursuit of purely metaphysical questions, without regard to the phenomena that lie open to observation and experiment, is not only an endless process of "threshing old straw," but is also a sin against the logical canons of investigation, which require us to take account of everything that promises, in any way, to aid us in making advances toward the solution of the questions in hand.

The psychology of the past forty years is therefore following the example set by the other sciences, and atoning for the sin spoken of, by becoming more and more inductive, more cognizant of fact and phenomenon, and less purely metaphysical. The ultimate aim of psychology, I make bold to say, is a metaphysic of the soul; just as the ultimate aim of physical science is a metaphysic of the material universe. But in the meantime the psychologist is bound to recognize, with his fellow-workers in every other department of investigation, that our metaphysic must shape itself in conformity with, and proceed upon the basis of, all ascertained and ascertainable matters of fact.*

*Of course there are two sides to this, as to every other truth. The pursuit of scientific observation and experiment presupposes certain

The purpose of the present article is to indicate briefly some of the fields which are being explored by the psychology of the present day in search of facts, and to state some of the chief laws, or general conclusions, which, as a result of these explorations, may be considered as established, or in a fair way of being established.

In the first place the field of Ethnology and Archæology is being explored, and is yielding some rich fruit to the psychologist. Race psychology includes everything which can be learned from the observation of peoples, races, and tribes, civilized, semi-civilized, and uncivilized. In this regard it may be truly said, that all is fish that comes to the psychological net. Manners, customs, habits, and monumental remains; literary, poetical, musical and artistic productions; religious rites, beliefs and superstitions; heathen cosmogonies, myths and legends; in short, everything that can be learned—from the loftiest poetic production of a Miltonic genius, to the tattooing customs of the New Zealand aborigines—is legitimate material for the psychologist in his search for the laws that govern the operations of the human mind.

In this connection it is significant that in one of our best equipped post-graduate universities, a sub-department of Anthropology has been organized in connection with the department of psychology, and is in the hands of an eminent specialist and authority in all that belongs to the study of race psychology.

The principal value to psychology of this line of investigation lies in the fact that "the contributions which may be drawn from observations beyond the circumscribed area of one's own consciousness, give generality and breadth to one's interpretations, which they would otherwise lack." The results of

metaphysical conceptions, more or less definitely held. Were there in the mind of man no idea of a material *cosmos*—a regularly ordered universe—he would never be incited to scientific inquiry. Scientific inquiry is a search for cosmic order; and this search would never be undertaken were there not, to begin with, a suspicion and a hope that cosmic order was there to be found. And it is at this very point that some of the more enthusiastic devotees of the "New Psychology" are making a mistake. "Let us divest ourselves," say they, "of all metaphysical assumptions, and let us be purely scientific." Impossible! never yet was there a scientist who succeeded in pursuing his investigations in complete independence of metaphysical assumptions; and the very men who thus call so loudly for a psychology which shall be in no wise mingled with metaphysics, have been the first to abandon their own maxim, and saturate their own psychological writings, from beginning to end, with discussions of a metaphysical character.

introspective analysis of one's own mental states are apt to be vitiated by the presence of personal idiosyncrasies and slight abnormalities. These variations from the norm are discovered and corrected by the study of race-psychology.

In the second place, psychology is beginning to carry its investigations into the realm of the child-mind. This, like many another rich territory, has lain for ages at our doors; but previous to the present century, it apparently never occurred to scientists to consider whether it would repay the labour of investigation. Now, however, with the growing interest in everything "genetic," there has awakened an interest in "psychogenesis"—if I may employ this word to designate the infancy of mind—and from this point of view psychology is just entering on what promises to be an exceedingly rich and fruitful field. In the psychic life of childhood we see, to some extent at least, the human mind in a naïve and unconventional state. It requires but a very few years for the growing intelligence to become all encrusted over with conventionalities, customs and habits obtained by imitation of others. So that, in studying the adult intelligence you see only the side presented to the world, and not the real inner man —as in the case of Wemmick, who was one man at the office down town—in his official capacity—and quite another man at his own house—in his private and personal capacity. To put the matter in a word, the main advantage of child psychology is that in its study we approach mental phenomena in a comparatively simple stage, before they have become complicated by convention and custom and teaching.

It is a very strange fact that the growing mind of the little child has been usually held in such slight esteem, that many a man who manifests the keenest interest in the development of young horses and dogs, would actually hesitate to acknowledge any enthusiasm over the development of his child. Such a condition of things, however, cannot long continue, when we consider that such eminent scientists as Preyer in Germany, Perez in France, Sully in England, and Stanley Hall in America, are leading the way in the patient, careful and enthusiastic study of the infant mind.

The chief value of child-psychology, will prove to lie, I believe, in its pedagogical bearings. When we reflect upon the teacher's work, its nature and purpose, it becomes at once apparent how supremely important it is for him to understand, as thoroughly as possible, the nature of the child whom it is his constant business to train.

It has long been a commonplace, that in every profession or

trade, one of the most important requirements is to understand the nature of the materials upon which you work. The husbandman must understand the nature of soils and vines; the stock-raiser, of cattle; the potter, of clay. But only since the days of Froebel has it been generally deemed necessary that the teacher should understand child-nature. Now, surely, the most direct route to this knowledge is by way of study of the child himself —in all the ways you please of observation and experiment and practice. And surely the proposition: *Every teacher should be a child-psychologist,* will be so obvious to all who have looked into the subject, that it requires only to be stated to find immediate acceptance. It is with the highest satisfaction, therefore, that we note the introduction of psychology into the curricula of our normal schools and schools of pedagogy, and the formation of "National Associations for the Study of Children."

In the third place the psychology of the present day is laying claim to the field of mental pathology. The conditions of "normal" mental states—especially the neural and cerebral conditions—may often be to a great extent determined by an investigation of states which are a departure from the normal, through disease or other causes. Hence the psychologist of recent years has given much time to the study of the insane, the idiotic, the melancholic, the epileptic, and every other form of mental and physical abberration. It is obvious that here the logical method of difference can be most successfully applied. If a certain phenomenon appears constantly in connection with another given phenomenon, and disappears only with the disappearance of the latter, the inference is irresistible that the two are connected in the way of causation or dependence. Or, to make the matter concrete: If the phenomenon which we call memory be always found in connection with a cerebral system of a certain structure; if the ability to utter words be found always in connection with a certain convolution or tract of that cerebral structure; and if, on the destruction or impairment of that cerebral system, or of that convolution, memory or speech, as the case may be, were annihilated, the inference is irresistible, that these faculties are connected in some way which renders them dependent upon the cerebral structure spoken of.

It was the privilege of the writer, during the winter of 1893, to study the patients in the State Asylum of Massachusetts. Hundreds of cases, of the most interesting kind, were investigated; and the conviction was reached, that sanity and insanity are not utterly and absolutely different from each other, but that mental aberration, in the great majority of cases, is only an exaggerated form of what may be seen every day outside the asylums.

For example, nothing is more common among the insane than "illusions of persecution." The patient believes firmly that all his friends have entered into a conspiracy to rob him of his property, take away his children, and put poison in his coffee. He is not insane, he says, but they have shut him up in the asylum in order to get rid of him. And who has not observed in "sane," people, perhaps in himself, that disposition which leads a man to say, in a moment of despondency, that God and man are in league against him, and he is predestined not to prosper? The world is full of people to whom a "grievance" is a sweet morsel, and without something to complain of life would lose three-fourths of its attractiveness.

Again, nothing is more frequent in asylums than what is known as the "illusion of greatness." One patient gravely informs you that he is the President of the United States; another puts a crown of flowers upon her head and poses as Queen Victoria; another claims to be Shakespeare, or Bonaparte, or Christopher Columbus. I have found George Washington, the Czar of Russia, and the Virgin Mary, all re-incarnate within the asylum walls. One man even informed me that he was Adam himself, and gave me a most interesting and original account of the Fall; which had, however, this in common with the other account, that he laid the blame mostly on other shoulders.

Now this illusion of greatness, is it not, in a somewhat less aggravated form, the commonest phenomenon in the world of "sane" people? To think of ourselves "more highly than we ought to think" is surely the most widespread of all mental disorders. Perhaps no other single object is so universally striven after as this, of appearing well in the eyes of others; and countless are the little artifices and polite fictions to which we resort to attain this end; and it is extremely doubtful whether there is any difference, other than one of degree, between the man who lives beyond his income for the sake of appearances, and that other man, whose persistent assertions that he is a bank president, a millionaire, or a prince, have rendered necessary his incarceration behind the asylum walls.

In the fourth place, the psychologists of the present day are very actively engaged in the investigation of several topics—which I strongly suspect shall yet be discovered to belong together under one great topic, but to which, as yet, no common name has been given—including hypnotism, mesmerism, spiritism, telepathy, clairvoyance, and all kindred phenomena.*

* A recent writer, Thos. J. Hudson, in a work entitled, "The Law of Psychic Phenomena, a Working Hypothesis for the Systematic Study of

In this field the explored territory is as yet so small in proportion to the unexplored, and the whole subject is enveloped in so much mystery, that very few general statements can safely be hazarded. But a few things seem certain, *e.g.,* that mind has, to a very large extent, a mastery over matter; that states of body can be induced by states of mind; that one mind can affect another, and that in ways other than the ordinary channels for communication of thought; and that this influence of mind upon mind is not wholly subject to space conditions. The value of suggestion as a therapeutic agent is now being fully tested by careful and reliable scientists, and the results already achieved are such as to compel belief and silence hostile criticism. What the end of all may be it is impossible at present to predict, but that some valuable additions to human knowledge, and consequently to human power, shall come of it, seems already beyond question.

In the fifth place the psychology of the present day is availing itself of all that can be learned regarding the mental life of the lower animals. At the very threshold of this inquiry there stands, of course, the tremendous obstacle, that between the human and brute minds there exists no means of communication corresponding to the language which human beings employ for the communication of their ideas to one another. In the absence of such means, it seems impossible that we can ever know with certainty what goes on in the mind of an animal. But it is possible to glean by indirect means a good deal of information concerning their mental states; and the interest which this subject is arousing is shown by the fact that one of the highest psychological authorities in America has lately devoted a whole course of lectures to the psychology of the lower animals; and by the fact that one of the cleverest psychological observers in Europe, has taken the trouble to study, with great care, the daily life of his two kittens, and publish the results in a book.*

Hypnotism, Spiritism, Mental Therapeutics, etc.," endeavours to arrange and explain all the known facts of these various groups, by the hypothesis of a double mind in man—the *objective* mind, which knows by the senses, reasons by the ordinary processes of logic, and is confined within limits of space and time; and the *subjective* mind, which knows by immediate intuition, does not reason at all, and is not subject to space and time limitations. He explains all the facts of hypnotism, telepathy, clairvoyance, etc., by the hypothesis of the temporary ascendency of the subjective mind. The hypothesis is a very attractive one, and it is worth something to have a "working hypothesis," even though there be difficulties in the way of its conversion into a demonstrated law.

* Perez: *Mes Deux Chats.*

Finally, it is the special business of the New Psychology to investigate the mutual relations of the mental and the physical. The new psychology is "physiological psychology." This of course is implied in much that we have already said. In child study careful note is made, not only of mental development, but also of the physical development by which it is accompanied. In mental pathology, careful autopsies upon the cerebral systems of men and animals who in life have lacked some faculty or function, have revealed striking parallels between brain-lesions and mental impairment, until "cerebral localization of function" has become one of the most interesting topics for the physiological psychologist.

The study of the psycho-physical relations and laws is now carried on in most of the great universities, in laboratories specially fitted up for the purpose; and though the science of physiological psychology is so young—dating only from the days of Weber and Fechner, about the middle of the present century, and its greatest activity being confined to the past twenty years—yet already some few things are established, which are of great value, not only for pedagogy, but also for the practical concerns of daily life. To know that all mental action is accompanied by physiological change; that these physiological changes tend to persist, and so to facilitate the repetition of the mental activity in connection with which they were at first occasioned; to know that every thought in the mind tends to issue in action,* that every idea has within itself a motor vigour or force; to know all that can be learned concerning the effect of attention, or its opposite, distraction, of disease, of strong emotion, etc., upon our mental operations; this is surely to gain in a knowledge whose value can scarcely be exaggerated; and to enlarge our resources in many ways.

If the true test of human character lies in what it can accomplish, and if the object of all education is to enable a man to accomplish a maximum of good with a minimum of waste and effort; then it must be conceded that in so far as psychology can make us better acquainted with the secret sources of habit and of power, and familiarize us with the hidden relations of body and spirit, and their effects on each other, it shall confer upon us a boon which it would be difficult for us to prize too highly.

* It has been demonstrated, by a very simple experiment, that we move slightly, without knowing it, in the direction of the object upon which our thoughts are fixed. This is the explanation of those mind-reading games that were so popular some years ago.

PESTALOZZI AND FROEBEL.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES,

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Pestalozzi and Froebel should be held in reverence by all who delight to honour those who have helped humanity to see more of heaven's light and use more of heaven's power.

John Henry Pestalozzi was born in Switzerland in 1746, and Frederick Froebel in Germany, in 1782.

Pestalozzi was a lover of right and a hater of wrong from boyhood. Philanthropy was a passion with him. He was moved alike by sorrow and injustice. At school his companions derisively nick-named him Harry Oddity, from Foolborough. At fifteen he joined a league of boys that brought charges against the mayor of his city and against the governor of his canton. This league also waged a war against "unworthy ministers of religion," and aimed to free the peasantry from the oppression of the aristocracy. The aims of this society were, in Pestalozzi's words, "Independent well-doing, and sacrifice for love of country." Noble motives were these for a band of boys. His "enthusiasm for humanity" and his faith in the possibility of developing humanity, were guiding motives in his life, and fundamental principles in his system. He was one of the most unpractical of men, having absolutely no business talents. He was deeply religious from boyhood, and was trained for the ministry. He preached his trial sermon, but failed in his attempt to repeat the Lord's Prayer, so he preached afterwards only by his life. He tried law, farming, and school-keeping, and failed utterly in each of these occupations. He married a rich wife, whose wealth, he tells us, "went up in smoke in his visionary schemes." He realized that he was unpractical, for he wrote: "The cause of my failures lay essentially and exclusively in myself, in my pronounced incapacity for every kind of undertaking which requires practical ability."

His mind was full of great thoughts, however, and he tried in a dazed and indefinite way to help humanity, while he and his family lived in poverty, often being without food. At length he began to write books. They were chiefly tales intended to expound and illustrate social and educational philosophy. They gave him a wide reputation, and are still very suggestive to thoughtful minds, especially his "Leonard and Gertrude."

After the French Revolution, the influence of France was extended to Switzerland. Pestalozzi was in sympathy with the

revolutionary party in Switzerland, and he was appointed by one of its leaders to take charge of a school at Stanz, composed chiefly of orphans whose parents had been killed by the French. Here was a golden opportunity for Pestalozzi. His whole nature was drawn into executive activity by the conditions. He saw the peasant children in wretchedness and degradation, and he believed it to be the highest duty of man to relieve their wretchedness and train their powers so that they might rise from their degradation. He clearly conceived the idea that God gave to each child some element of divine power with unlimited capacity for upward growth, and that the proper training of this Divinity in children would enable them to live true lives; would make true living joyous and attractive. He entered on his work with great earnestness. His daily life was one of self-sacrifice and unselfish devotion to the destitute children. He says in a letter to a friend, "Every assistance, everything done for them in their need, all the teaching they received, came directly from me. My hand lay upon their hands, my eye rested on their eyes, my tears flowed with their tears, my smile accompanied theirs; their food was mine, their drink was mine. I had no housekeeper, no friend nor servant; I slept in their midst. I was the last to go to bed at night, and the first to rise in the morning. I prayed with them and taught them in their beds before they went to sleep."

He "was willing to live like a beggar that he might teach beggars to live like kings." He said, "I felt what a high and indispensable human duty it is to labour for the poor and miserable, that he may attain to a consciousness of his own dignity through his feeling of the universal powers and endowments which he possesses awakened within him; that he may not only learn to gabble over by rote the religious maxim that 'Man is created in the image of God, and is bound to live and die as a child of God,' but may himself experience the truth by virtue of the Divine power within him, so that he may be raised, not only above the ploughing oxen, but also above the man in purple and silk who lives unworthily of his high destiny."

He was bitterly opposed, however, even by the parents of the children who were not orphans. He was a Protestant, and the people of Stanz were chiefly Roman Catholics. He was progressive, and they were opposed to the reforms of the new government. He was labouring to lift humanity by cultivating the natures of the children physically, intellectually and spiritually; the people saw only the advantages of charity. But his loving nature won the children's love, and he was supremely happy in his work. The teaching passion was

intensified in his life. All that he had written in his books as theory he now executed in experience, and practical application gave new revelations, and clear insight. He knew that he was now doing his best work, and he felt the Divinity in himself growing as it had never done before; as it can do only when a man has found the path of his greatest power. We can judge how happy he was by his statement: "I could not live without my work." No man ever did truly live who did not find his own special work. It is only then that living has its full meaning to the individual or to humanity. God gives new revelations to the individual whose work is in harmony with his selfhood.

Pestalozzi remained a teacher. He taught in different places, and attained his widest celebrity at Yverdun. Throughout Europe his reputation spread, so that students came from all countries, and the influence of his ideas was felt in all school systems. Even princes were interested in his plans for elevating humanity. But his own institution was ultimately a failure financially, owing largely to what he himself called "his unrivalled incapacity to govern." His loving life closed in 1827, when he was eighty-one years of age. On the one hundredth anniversary of his birth a bust of Pestalozzi was erected by his reverent countrymen, under which they wrote the inscription:

"Saving the poor at Neuhof; at Stanz the father of orphans; at Burghof and Munchen-Buschsee founder of a popular school; at Yverdun educator of humanity. Man, Christian, Citizen.—All for others, nothing for himself.

Peace to his ashes,
To our father Pestalozzi."

The leading lessons of Pestalozzi were:

1. That the use of words by children, which they do not clearly understand, leads to intellectual confusion.

2. That book-learning is not of the highest importance. Speaking of his work at Stanz, he said: "Out of every ten children there was hardly one who knew his A. B. C. This complete ignorance was what troubled me least, for I trusted in the natural powers that God bestows on even the poorest and most neglected children."

What a revolution would be effected in school aims and processes if all teachers knew that knowledge may have little to do in deciding a man's influence or his destiny! How quickly examinations would be given up as a basis for promotion in school!

3. That clear conceptions must be obtained in childhood by

handling real things. He says: "O God! teach me to understand Thy holy natural laws, by which Thou preparest us slowly, by means of an innumerable variety of impressions for conceiving exact and complete ideas, of which words are the signs." "Teach him absolutely nothing by words that you can teach him by the things themselves." These principles led him to develop his system of objective teaching, known in England and America as "object lessons." His aim in using objects was entirely misunderstood, however, by the teachers in England and America. They saw in his system but a means of getting knowledge quickly and accurately, because they were blinded by the false theory that "knowledge is power." Pestalozzi thought of the child and its growth, not merely of the knowledge to be given to it. He used objects to train observation definitely and develop power to think accurately in accordance with the processes of nature. English and American teachers degraded object lessons into mere information lessons. Little wonder that the English Education Department removed "Object Lessons" from the Code in 1861. However, since Froebel's use of objects in the kindergarten has revealed the true educational value of working with real things in early childhood, "Object Lessons" have again been introduced into England, and they now form a very important part of the programme of English infant schools. The revelation of the truth in regard to the growth of the child itself has come slowly. Even yet many teachers are not free from false ideals in regard to the relative values of knowledge and soul-growth.

4. That manual and industrial training is a most important educational agency, not only in the narrow sense of providing a means of earning a livelihood, or qualifying an individual for any industrial pursuit, but in both its direct and indirect influence on the mental and moral character. It is true that Pestalozzi began his industrial education as a philanthropist rather than as an educator, but his work gave a great impetus to manual training.

5. That education is an organic process. No true education can be given from without. Education cannot be forced on the individual. It must be a natural process in harmony with the fundamental laws by which all natural forces become greater forces and rise to higher forms or degrees of life. The awakening of sense impressions, the formation of perceptions, the defining of conceptions, the training of comparison and judgment should be associated directly with some life purpose of the child. True education is not a storing but a growth, not a growth by external

addition, but a growth by the evolution of the elements of mental and spiritual power. In Pestalozzi's own words, "Education consists in a continual benevolent superintendence, with the object of calling forth all the faculties which Providence has implanted."

6. That the child should be developed as a unity. He regarded it as the teacher's duty to train the physical and moral powers of the child, quite as much as to develop and store its mind. The child as a unity, physically, mentally, and morally, was the power to which he proposed to give greater power.

"First of all," he writes, "I had to arouse in the children pure, moral, and noble feelings; I had in short to follow the principles of Jesus Christ, 'Cleanse first that which is within.'" Again he says, "Why have I insisted so strongly on attention to early physical and intellectual education? Because I consider these as merely leading to a higher aim, to qualify the human being for the free and full use of all the faculties implanted by the Creator, and to direct all these faculties toward the perfection of the whole being of man, that he may be enabled to act in his peculiar station as an instrument of that All-wise and Almighty Power that has called him into life."

7. That character, personal force, is the greatest thing a school can develop in a child. Training is a grander word than teaching. Pestalozzi asked, not How much knowledge can I give this child? but, What is his destiny as a created and responsible being? What are his faculties as a rational and moral being? What are the means for their perfection, and the end held out as the highest object of their efforts by the Almighty Father of all, both in creation and in the page of revelation? Raumer, who was one of his associates, estimates Pestalozzi's educational influence as follows: "He compelled the scholastic world to revise the whole of their task, to reflect on the nature and destiny of man, and also on the proper way of leading him from his youth toward that destiny."

8. That home and mother should be the greatest factors in education. "The mother is qualified by the Creator Himself to become the principal agent in the development of her child." "Maternal love is the first agent in education. Through it the child is led to trust his Creator and Redeemer." "What is demanded of the mother is—a thinking love."

He recognized the influence of all early impressions, both intellectual and spiritual. The child's intellectual impressions he would make clear as the basis of definite intellectual growth; its spiritual impressions he would have pure as the foundation elements in true moral development. He knew that the mother

should be God's best representative to the child; that from her love it must receive its first conceptions of what love really is; and that she gives it its elementary ideas of God, not by what she teaches it, but by what she is. Education should be a co-operative process in which the home and school are in harmony. There is great room yet for improvement in the ideals and processes of both home and school, but reformation is needed most in the home. Women need to study child nature to understand the processes of child growth, and to learn how to train children wisely, more than any other lessons. His opinion was that, "If education is to have any real value, it *must agitate* the methods which make the merit of domestic education."

9. But his best lesson after all was the revelation of the power of unselfish human love, both in teaching and disciplining, as an agency in stimulating greater effort, in arousing dormant powers, in giving a consciousness of special talent, and in securing sympathetic co-operation, which is the most essential and most productive element in the character of an individual in the school-room, and in the broader field of human life.

Frederick Froebel was a student with Pestalozzi, and probably received some of his elementary ideas regarding childhood from him. But Froebel's work is much more thorough, and has already influenced educational systems and methods more than Pestalozzi's, because his system is more broadly philosophical, more in harmony with the nature of the child, more definite, and more perfectly arranged in logical sequence and inter-related occupations and processes.

It is not the purpose of this article to explain the Kindergarten system, but merely to outline the distinctions between the aims of the two great apostles of childhood.

Pestalozzi was instinctive and inspirational, Froebel was philosophical and investigative.

Pestalozzi often applied correct principles without being conscious of their underlying philosophy or their adaptation to the nature of the child. Froebel studied the child for thirty years—in its mother's arms, on the playground, and as it exhibited its love of the beautiful and the wonderful in nature. He also traced the development of the race, and compared it with the progressive unfolding of the powers of the child as it grew to manhood. Having exhaustively studied the child and history, he used the results of investigation and experience as a basis for his educational system. His foundation ideal was to bring the conscious educational processes of the schools into perfect harmony with

the processes by which God develops the child so wonderfully, both in knowledge and in power, during the period of unconscious education before the child goes to school.

Pestalozzi aimed to give definite ideas by the use of real things, as a foundation for intellectual strength. Froebel provided the means of training the emotions as well as the sensations, and of guiding them in the formation of character by right self-activity.

Pestalozzi's pupils observed and *imitated* either with voice or hand. Froebel's children observed and *invented.*

Pestalozzi's pupils were reproductive. Froebel's were creative.

Pestalozzi's pupils were trained in expression; Froebel's in self-expression.

Pestalozzi was satisfied with productive activity. Froebel required productive self-activity.

Carlyle caught Froebel's creative idea, when he said to each individual: "Be no longer a chaos, but a world or even worldkin. Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name."

Both these great teachers knew that the religious nature of man is the highest; but Froebel realized with much greater clearness than Pestalozzi the fact that spiritual growth must come from within, and that the spiritual nature of the child finds its satisfaction and growth in the symbolism of the real things around it. In his "*Mutter and Koseleider*" he has given a definite and consecutive system, which is marvellous in its comprehensiveness and beauty, for defining the child's pure emotions, for enlarging its spiritual view, and for incidentally awakening its conceptions of its relationships and duties towards nature, home, society, and God.

Pestalozzi was an intuitional philanthropist who used education to make men wiser and happier. Froebel was an educational philosopher, who aimed through education to make men grow forever "consciously towards God."

Pestalozzi's ideal was—I must do good to the child. Froebel's ideal was—I must increase good through the child.

Froebel's underlying principle of growth was spontaneity, the self-activity of the child in accomplishing its own purposes. His fundamental thought was unity; unity in the elements of individual power, unity of the race, unity of creation, unity with God.

DEAR Lord, my eyes are clouded,
But to Thy perfect sight
The road lies open all the way,
And Thou wilt be my light.

—*Amy Parkinson.*

PALIMPSEST LITERATURE.

BY REV. W. HARRISON.

By "palimpsest" is meant a parchment, papyrus or any other material on which a second or even a third writing has been made over an earlier writing. The practice of repreparing parchment already used, for a further record, goes back to a very remote antiquity. When the process of obliterating the first writing was marked by haste or incompetent hands, it has been found that very many ancient manuscripts, whilst showing the second writing, also contain the original record, which may be read without serious difficulty, though centuries may have passed between the two records which the document contains.

In the manuscript department of the British Museum, among others is found a palimpsest in which the original text of Homer's "Iliad" has been partially erased to give place to a theological treatise in Syriac, the latter writing having been done some three hundred years after the first.

Large and exceedingly valuable additions to our knowledge of the contents of the earliest known manuscripts of the New Testament, and strikingly confirmatory of the received text, have been secured from the testimony of the palimpsest literature. The chief, if not the sole, interest and importance of this class of documents lies in the very ancient writing which they contain, and their value largely depends upon the degree of legibleness which the original record still retains.

In some departments of research, especially in all that pertains to Biblical investigation, every scrap of this remote testimony has an independent value. The merest fragment may throw light on some important critical question, or supply a very significant commentary upon facts otherwise ascertained.

A very remarkable discovery in the Convent of St. Catherine, at Mount Sinai, has recently been made, which has caused no little excitement in religious circles throughout the world. A palimpsest of the old Syriac Gospels, dating as far back, at least, as the sixth century, has been unearthed; and the original text is being deciphered by competent scholars.

The story, as related by one of the discoverers of this last important manuscript, which makes another bright epoch in New Testament studies, possesses a charm which the creations of some brilliant romance fail to impart.

Writing from Egypt some time ago, Mrs. Lewis, referring to their reception at the convent at Mount Sinai, says:

"We were received by the monks with great cordiality. Among the Syriac books which they showed us, I soon picked out a volume of 178 leaves, nearly all glued together with some greasy substance. I separated them, partly with my fingers and partly with the steam of a kettle. It had the more fascination for me that no human eye had evidently looked upon it for centuries, and I soon perceived that it was a palimpsest, whose upper and later writing contained the stories of saintly women, whilst the under or earlier one was the four Gospels. I therefore determined to photograph the whole of the palimpsest."

The work of transcribing the first writing is well advanced, and before long the whole message of this remarkable manuscript will be told.

The discovery of precious metals is not of such vital importance as the digging up from the heavy shadows of far-off vanished years records which touch directly the greatest and best communications that have ever moved and blessed this world. Heroic men, and women too, inspired by loftiest and purest aims have dared the furious passions of half-civilized tribes; for months and even years have relinquished the refinements and pleasures of society, home and friends, and have gone through the solitude of the far-stretching deserts; have mastered the most difficult languages of earth, have come face to face with imminent peril and barbaric prejudice, that they might stand on historic ground, mark the spot where epoch-making influences and events have reached a crisis, and where empires have breathed their last and laid themselves down in their lone and colossal graves.

These high-priests of the spade and indomitable apostles of discovery have despised no toil or sacrifice, if they could only snatch some record just about to vanish into the great sea of forgetfulness, or lift from the obscurity of their long-sealed tombs, some document or testimonial which might bear in its dusty and century-dimmed leaves messages brighter in their meaning than the loveliest robe of sunbeams, and of more account in the intellectual and moral markets of the world than the rarest jewel that ever flashed in a monarch's crown. To say that many such splendid relics have been rescued from the ruin, darkness, ignorance, prejudice and destructive influences of the past is only stating what is one of the delightful and inspiring facts which greet us as we look abroad among the treasures and priceless spoils of the world of to-day.

Then what tedious, patient, heroic labour has been expended

to read through and below the upper or second, and sometimes third writing, the first faint record which the palimpsest or parchment contains! The most searching gaze, and toil of the brightest, keenest eyes, the most powerful glasses known to science, supplemented with all manner of chemical revivers and finest photographic equipments, have been required to reach down the deep, dark valley of still deepening shadows, and accomplish a resurrection of the almost perished lines. If these old parchments had lips to tell all that they have seen in their pilgrimage through the glory and wreck of old-time nations, of the massive vice and ignorance, the burning passions, the bright and glowing phases of this world's dramatic career, it would be a story full of pathos and of power. The best learning of the century hails with intense gratification these scarred, begrimed and age-worn documents, bringing, as they do, in their hoary pages fresh corroborations of important truths, and of a literature of untold value in the mental and religious education of the world.

And yet, older than the oldest papyrus, or parchment, or monumental pillar, is the record in the massive chronicles and literature of the hills and rocks beneath our feet. The earth is its own biographer, and keeps its diary with the cold impartiality of a recording machine. The earlier chapters in this oldest book are like the under writing of the palimpsest, but the geological ages are giving up their secrets, and this old library of stone is being read as never before. Someone has said, that

"The globe is a hoary old volume
Whose leaves are the layers of stone
And on them, in letters of fossil,
The tale of the ages is strewn;
"To read it we gather the fossils
And tracks where the Saurians trod
And bring them in patience together
The hieroglyphics of God."

The earth is all covered with memoranda and signatures, and every object is scribbled o'er and o'er with hints whose meanings are being deciphered by processes which cannot but win our admiration and applause. And more wonderful still is the living palimpsest,—the human, conscious documents with which the world is strewn to-day, and on which the spirit of evil has scrawled his obscene characters, but under which is deeply hidden, and in many cases apparently obliterated, the first writing of God on the human soul. The worst of influences have been at work to despoil and forever erase the Divine handwriting in the constitution of the human spirit, but amid all the confusion and strife of pernicious tongues, there is a teacher and a book which searches all things, yea, the deep hidden things of God. The work of restoration is going on by and through the

grace and mighty spirit of God. The original lines are coming into view in many a soul, and the whole nature is being cleansed and recovered by the redeeming Gospel of the Son of God.

Coleridge rested his faith in the Divine origin and authority of the Scriptures, because of their power to find him at deeper depths of his being than any other book had ever done or could do. Let us be thankful that the wonderful literature, whether in parchment, palimpsest, in the leaden leaves of earth's old, old volumes of soil or stone, or in the mysterious and thrilling book of a human life, is being read with an intelligence and interest as never before.

SACKVILLE, N.B.

THE SILENT CITY.

BY IDA H. WILSON.

Its streets are girt about with grass and clover,
And ox-eyed daisies gleam within the green,
O'er which the butterflies are gaily glancing,
Like glints of sunshine falling in between.

The homes of those within this city dwelling,
Lie low among the clover-scented grass,
And summer winds, as if in love and pity,
Sigh gently and caress them as they pass.

In sheltered nooks where cool green shadows nestle,
And balmy pine-blown zephyrs idly stray,
Fair marble shafts are placed o'er those now sleeping,
At rest until the resurrection day;

While others sleep upon some sunny hillside,
Where bees' low hum is heard among the flowers,
And sweet wood-violets among the grasses
Are breathing perfume through the summer hours.

A silence which for aye would be unbroken
Save for the song of some sweet woodland bird,
Rests o'er this spot, where childhood's happy laughter
Or song of mirth or gladness ne'er is heard.

O silent city, crowned with woodland beauty,
Within thy gates we lay our precious dead,
And tho' our eyes by bitter tears are blinded,
In hope we raise them ere those tears are shed.

And look beyond the gates of Heavenly glory,
Which God permits us now by faith to see,
And there behold our loved ones blessed forever
In His great love throughout eternity.

OTTAWA, Ont..

PEOPLE'S BANKS—HOW TO SAVE MONEY.

BY THE REV. R. CORLETT COWELL.

THE substance of Mr. H. W. Wolff's recently-published book on this subject amply justifies the sub-title, *A Record of Social and Economic Success*. The idea at the root of these efforts seems to be that capital and labour are not necessarily antagonistic, as many assume; that the gulf that too often divides them can be best bridged by making the working-man largely his own capitalist, and thus blending opposing interests into one; and that this can be done by establishing People's Banks and thereby creating sufficient capital to provide abundant employment.

People's Banks have succeeded on the Continent. Millions have been added to the wealth of the countries where they flourish, untold misery has been averted in hard times, and they have brought to men on the verge of beggary employment and the means by which they might begin the struggle afresh. These banks are a practical application of the principle of self-help, and are thus preferable to the socialistic methods of State endowment. They say, "Save; make the most of your pence alike in accumulation and in outlay."

In Germany, by means of these banks, numbering thousands, homeless labourers have been turned into owners of their own land, and broken-down journeymen into thriving traders; and commerce and industry stimulated, and poverty practically banished from the villages in the fertile valley of the Rhine, in the barren Westerwald, and in the wild Rhön mountains. This has been done also in Italy. £80,000,000 a year passes through the People's Bank in Milan, and the stream is rapidly increasing in volume. Most of the transactions are small; the business is genuinely "the people's." Drafts of ten *lira* (two dollars) are not uncommon. There are nine hundred banks of this order in Italy, doing a full third of the country's banking. The result is that the people are building, and making roads, and engaging in all kinds of labour without any middleman to control or pocket the profits. The same is true in the valley of the Rhine. Cultivation has improved, machinery and the best manures and feeding stuffs have been purchased at the cheapest wholesale prices, and small industries and trades have been developed. Sober political economists like M. Rostand and M. Léon Say speak in glowing language of the success of these

banks in this district. This, they declare, is "a community whose resources multiply a hundredfold the productive power of its labour." It seems as if "a new world had been called into existence to redress the balance of the old."

The moral results are superior to the material. The idle man has become industrious, the spendthrift thrifty, the drunkard sober. The transformation reads like a fairy tale, but is vouched for alike by the judge officially reporting and the pastors of the flock, by Ministers of State and men of business. And the Governments are steadily encouraging these institutions as an effective barrier against the inroads of Socialism.

The People's Banks commenced with next to nothing. Those established by Herr Schulze-Delitzsch, the chief pioneer of these banks in Germany, had a very paltry beginning; now they dispense to trade and industry annually about £180,000,000 in loans. The Milan bank started with £28, and has now a paid-up capital of £500,000. Others have grown similarly. They have been built up by men making "an heroic levy on their daily wages."

Honesty is here capitalized, and usury, in the evil sense, is abolished. Men have been delivered from the avaricious money-lender. It is proved that the honest poor are quick to save, shy to borrow, and sure to pay. They value the money because they are their own benefactors. They create the capital which they lend, and they deal scrupulously with it, because they do but guard their own.

The very interesting history of this movement we can only touch. Schulze picked up the idea from Biski, an obscure jeweller, who died a Federal soldier in the United States. He soon gave it shape. His appointment as "patrimonial judge" brought him into frequent contact with the common people, with whose sufferings he deeply sympathized. He resolved to attempt to alleviate their sad lot; and, first of all, in conjunction with Dr. Bernhardi, he set on foot a provident fund, then a co-operative association for buying raw material for the village joiners and shoemakers; after this, he established his first "Credit Association," which has developed so marvellously. He is described as "a born economic missionary," of convincing eloquence, contagious enthusiasm, and invincible faith in his cause. He cared at least as much for the moral effects of his system as the material.

Mr. Wolff writes also of the Raiffeissen *Loan Banks,* which keep the borrowers' interest steadily in view, and aim most of all at social benefits. Raiffeissen was Burgomaster in a bleak forest district, with a union of twenty-five parishes to administer.

The soil was barren, roads bad, markets poor. The people were ill-clad, ill-housed, keeping body and soul together on a wretched diet of rye and potatoes; ruinously pledged to remorseless Jewish usurers; every little wattled cottage, every head of cattle mortgaged to these vampires. His heart bled at the misery around him. He resolved to improve matters. By establishing co-operative bakeries he provided bread for the people. He next, in 1849, set up his first Loan Bank, with the object of rescuing the peasantry out of the clutches of the Jews. That little bank, devoid of share capital, "which has lived by lending money as cheaply as possible, and finding means for borrowing still more cheaply, the other day divided its reserve, the product of tiny surpluses, and discovered that it had grown to more than £2,000." This bank was followed by a second and a third, till the Loan Banks have spread throughout Germany, distributing millions of money, and establishing plenty in all directions. And their original home has participated in the benefits. The tumble-down wattle houses have given place to neat, strong stone buildings. The steam thrashing machine is on the farms; gardens and fields are well cultivated, and the value of land has increased. No wonder that the memory of "Father" Raiffeissen is gratefully treasured by the German people as that of a great benefactor.

This system is simplicity itself. He set out with the intention of helping the *honest, industrious* poor. No fee was asked on becoming a member. The shares were fixed at twelve marks ($3.00), payable by instalments. He determined to have no dividends, as there would be no direct profits; but Bismarck overruled him. The founder's intention is carried out, however, by voting all their dividends to the reserve funds. The reserve is the backbone of the system. Little by little it keeps increasing. It is applied: First, to meet deficiencies; secondly, to supply the place of borrowed capital, and so make borrowing cheaper to members; lastly, any idle amount may be applied to public works for the common good. The officers, with the exception of the cashier, who is not an executive agent, are unpaid. Every door is deliberately closed against greed. All banking, in the ordinary sense, is forbidden. Risk is reduced to a minimum. There are no bills, no mortgages. The associations are for *loaning*, and the sole instrument which they employ is personal credit. Their liability is only limited by themselves. The people who are liable also dispose of the money, and this makes all the difference. Great care is taken that the members shall be worthy characters, the lending being advisedly on *character*. The borrower in every instance must prove that he is trustworthy, and that his

enterprise is economically justified. Without such proof he is refused. This being forthcoming, all that is asked for is a note of hand, sometimes unbacked, or backed by one or two securities. And the rule that the money must be applied to the purposes for which it is borrowed is strictly enforced. Credit is given from one to ten years, as the case may demand. The loan is so arranged that it repays itself out of interest and the share instalments in process of time. To tax other resources for repayment would be not to help but to cripple the borrower.

These banks are completely established in the public confidence. The Rhine Land Courts allow trust moneys to be paid to them on deposit. During the great wars (1866 and 1870), when deposits were being drawn wholesale from other banks, large sums were pressed for safe-keeping upon the Raiffeissen banks without any interest at all. The Imperial Family are their warm patrons. The most extraordinary fact of all is that "millions of money have been lent, mostly to poor people, and not a farthing ever lost." But one must read Mr. Wolff's book to realize how signal has been the success of this system, and how widespread and abiding the beneficent results. M. Durand, secretary of the last Congress of People's Banks at Lyons, says: "The banks of Raiffeissen are the finest in creation, alike from a moral and economic point of view, yet produced for agricultural credit."

The *Banche Popolari* of Italy are more in harmony with English commercial ideas and instincts than the two German systems. Italy was in a sad plight in 1863 when Luzzatti began his work. Agriculture was where Virgil had described it; commerce was at a low ebb. There was great poverty, and as usual in this condition, the reign of the usurer was universal. But the Italians are naturally thrifty, and readily took up Luzzatti's idea. These banks have been remarkably successful. They have secured confidence with the public and credit with the larger banks. The great source of credit is their high reputation for honesty and solvency; and the organization is an object of admiration to the more experienced bankers.

Much of the work of the officers is given without fee. The banks vote money for charitable objects, and to help the houseless and starving in bad times, and grant loans to the poor who have nothing to pledge as security except their honour. And this has not proved a doubtful security. There are sufficient guards against vagabonds. Among the greatest benefits which these banks confer are these: They teach people to help themselves, to acquire business habits, and to be generous to the needy. Multitudes have been delivered from the usurer and set on their feet to earn a comfortable sustenance.

The *Casse Rurali* have done for the country what the *Banche Popolari* have done for the town. They are organized on principles similar to those of the Raiffeissen bank: "simply borrowing and lending, careful checking of everything, cheapness in service, caution in granting loans, avoidance of risks." The result is all that could be desired. Not a farthing has been lost as yet. The peasants are proud of their humble institutions. Self-reliance and honesty are fostered. Trade and agriculture are stimulated. Moral improvement more than keeps pace with social. Self-respect, love of work, and sobriety are manifest wherever the bank takes root. This is the testimony of the clergy and the doctors. The usurer finds his "occupation gone." The *Casse Rurali* are still in their infancy, but without doubt have a future of wide usefulness.

The magnitude of the new economical power called into operation by the People's Banks is apparent. The aggregate annual result of existing money co-operation—the current value of the cash turned out—is estimated at at £200,000,000. It is impossible to calculate what the results are in other directions—in promoting employment, in relieving need, in the development of the virtues of thrift, sobriety, love of peace and home, and of all the virtues that tend to secure social well-being and national stability. Mr. Wolff well remarks that modern civilization has not called into being any economic power of equal potency.

Surely this power has some gift for English-speaking people—some help in seeking to uplift the masses, to bridge social gulfs, and to solve our labour and land questions. *People's Banks* is a book for statesmen, philanthropists, social reformers, and Christian ministers and workers to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. —*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

SONG AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

SWEET are earth's songs, but far more sweet
The song we fain would sing;
Earth's friends are dear, but dearer far,
Jesus, our Friend and King.

O Friend unseen, Whom yet we love,
O King, Whose sway we own,—
Grant us to join the glad-voiced choir
Who sing before Thy Throne!

TORONTO.

LIFE IN OTHER WORLDS.

BY THOMAS LINDSAY.

Questions regarding the existence of life in other worlds than ours have a certain fascination even for the most eminent practical astronomers, though they may not allow it a place in their "curriculum" proper. It is a sort of recreation, as it were, to dwell in fancy in some other one of the innumerable orbs that people space, and describe a new scenery and new conditions of being. Nor has this idea escaped the novelist, for there are several works of fiction, the scenes of which are laid in our neighbour Mars, and are described with tolerable scientific exactness.

The question, as one of real interest, dates back, we presume, to the time when men came to know positively that this globe is but a speck in creation, a small link in an endless chain. From that day on, the possibility and the probability of a plurality of life-bearing worlds have been freely discussed. The controversy, however, if such it might be called, has been a comparatively mild one, no writer being very pronounced in his views, either on one side or the other; it is simply a pretty question, not one to cause serious trouble.

There are some features of the problem which it may be of interest to point out specially. First, if we are required to answer whether upon any orb which we can see there are beings akin to man, as we know him, we must ask the practical astronomer who has brought the best optical aid to assist him in the scrutiny of these bodies. If he gives as his carefully weighed opinion that there are strong evidences on that orb of the existence of an atmosphere containing oxygen, and that the temperature is neither above nor below the limits as we define them, then we may reasonably conclude that beings akin to ourselves could exist there. The possibility being thus established, the true lover of nature will find it difficult to reject the extreme probability that the Creator is glorified on that orb, as here, by the noblest of His works.

But there is no planet, not even Mars or Venus, about which astronomers are so well agreed that it can be safely placed on the probability list, and so we are left where we were—in the realm of fancy. Let us, however, not approach the astronomer at all; he has already done his duty in widening our conceptions of the universe; we will ask ourselves the question; that is to say, reason from analogy.

One difficulty we meet at the outset: we are to ask whether life exists in other worlds. Yet no one has ever given anything approaching to a definition of what life is, and probably no one ever will.

But we can readily define the difficulty, if such an expression is admissible, and show what it is we seek in this manner. Matter we are pleased to call dead, inert—the inorganic kingdom—glorifies the Creator in that every atom of it obeys certain laws He has imparted, decreed, created; in the organic kingdom the Creator is glorified by obedience to these laws—*and to one other.* What this other is we seek in vain.

The question then as to whether life exists in other worlds resolves itself into this: Is the glory of God shown there only by the obedience of inert matter to His immutable laws, or has it pleased Him to breathe His life into forms of clay as He has done here?

Now it is to be specially noted that we are not in the least concerned with the character of the forms—it is the giving to ourselves this concern that has caused the whole trouble in answering the question. We know the forms which are here endowed with life and we demand similar forms or conclude that life is not possible. What we too often forget is that animal life on this earth is just adapted to its surroundings; given the surroundings then the forms of life to be perfectly adapted must be as they are. To the writer it certainly seems that, whatever arguments are brought to prove the common parentage of different orders of living forms, there is no strength whatever in the pointing to similarity of structure. How could they differ widely and enjoy the environment such as prevails on this globe? Take any form of life, endow it with something more than it possesses—it will be found useless; take some qualities from it—it cannot enjoy its existence.

The law of adaptability, then, must rule in determining the character of any life there may be in other worlds. Wherever there exists in the universe a globe similar to ours, forms of life are there, akin to the forms around us.

This will be probably admitted by all; but what shall we say of worlds which are not similarly constituted; where there may be no oxygen, or atmosphere at all; where the heat may be very great or the cold most intense; where there may not even be any solid rocks upon which to build habitations?

Shall we conclude that on such globes the Creator is glorified, and sufficiently, by the beauties of the inorganic kingdom? For it is a beautiful realm; who shall say in just what degree a living,

growing flower is more beautiful than the little mass of inert matter built up of myriads of atoms, each a centre of tremendous energy, each moving in a little orbit of its own, each showing a decided preference for union with some one other, amongst a great number?

Or are we to be guided by that inate faculty of the mind which leads us to believe that the Creator demands something more than the silent homage of the inorganic world?

This latter we cannot indeed avoid; we know there are myriads of living forms around us, whose place in nature we cannot fix. But it is fixed; and these forms praise the living God in some manner. Analogy leads us directly to the thought that no matter how any orb in space may differ from this earth, that orb does not fulfil its destiny until it throbs with life. Nor is it enough that life shall glow for a moment only in the history of a world; we can understand vicissitudes in world-life that may destroy certain given forms; but we cannot even in fancy look upon an orb rolling through the infinitude of space, dark, cold, and dead forever. We can see it resuscitated and living again and yet again, passing through the order of growth and decay and—not death—but change to growth of mayhap some other kind.

This view of the question appeals so strongly to what we know already of the processes of nature that we cannot but feel it to be true, that not one globe of all the myriads in the universe but is, or shall be, the abode of forms that glorify the Creator by obedience to *that other law* which is ever a mystery.

We may admit the correctness of an astronomer's opinion that a globe is too hot to be the abode of life, as a sun for instance, which rules a system; but we cannot see that sun pouring out its life-giving energy in vain; nor do we demand a constitution for the globes revolving within its influence that shall fulfil one particular ideal.

In our own system there is great diversity. Indeed, if the nebular hypothesis does truly outline its history then we could not expect that planets formed when the great nebulous mass extended out to the orbits of Uranus and Neptune, would be of the same structure so far as chemical elements are concerned as the inner ones. These outer planets have a density about equal to that of water; they may not contain the heavier materials that compose our rocks; yet shall we for that reason hold that no life is possible?

They may not have advanced so far in the cooling process by reason of their greater volume; but at what stage of this process does life appear? We cannot tell but that there may be living

forms created contemporaneously with the very earliest crust formed upon the molten mass, forms doomed to be destroyed by mighty upheavals, but only to give place to other orders.

Such a history is in accordance with our innate convictions that the Creator is glorified to the utmost on every orb in space, and the utmost glory is in the forms that live—that obey the other law.

TORONTO.

THE TEMPEST.

BY CHARLES WESLEY.

AND are our joys so quickly fled?
We who were filled with living bread,
With calm delight and peace,
Constrained into the ship we go,
And now the boist'rous violence know
Of stormy winds and seas.

To shipwreck our weak faith and hope.
Satan has stirred a tempest up,
Prince of the lower air;
The world he actuates and guides,
He in that troubled ocean rides,
And reigns despotic there.

The winds, obedient to their god,
Rage horribly, and storm aloud:
The waves around us roll;
But fiercer still the storm within,
While floods of wickedness and sin
O'erwhelm the tempted soul.

Even now the waves of passion rise,
And work, and swell, and touch the skies,
Or bear us down to hell;
Tossed in a long, tempestuous night,
While not one gleam of cheerful light
Or ray of joy we feel.

But lo! in our distress we see
The Saviour walking on the sea!
Even now He passes by;
He silences our clamourous fear,
And mildly says, "Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid, 'tis I!"

"'Tis I who bought you with My blood,
'Tis I who bring you washed to God,
'Tis I, the sinner's Friend;
'Tis I, in whom ye pardon have,
Who speak in truth, mighty to save,
And love you to the end."

Ah! Lord, if it be Thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save;
Speak the kind word of power to Me.
Bid me believe, and come to Thee
Swift walking on the wave.

He bids me come! His voice I know,
And boldly on the water go
To Him, my God and Lord;
I walk on life's tempestuous sea;
For He who loved and died for me
Hath spoke the powerful word.

Secure on liquid waves I tread,
Nor all the storms of passion heed,
While to my Lord I look;
O'er every fierce temptation bound,
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock.

But, if from Him I turn mine eye,
And see the raging floods run high,
And feel my fears within,
My foes so strong, my flesh so frail,
Reason and unbelief prevail,
And sink me into sin.

Jesus, in us Thyself reveal;
The winds are hushed, the sea is still,
If in the ship thou art;
Oh, manifest Thy power divine,
Enter this sinking church of Thine,
And dwell in every heart.

Come in, come in, Thou Prince of Peace,
And all the storms of sin shall cease,
And fall, no more to rise.
We then, if Thou with us remain,
Our port shall in a moment gain,
And anchor in the skies.

SPINDLES AND OARS.

BY ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH.

CHAPTER XIII.—AT THE END OF THE DAYS.

"THE DEID IS WITNESS TO THE WORD YOU HAE GI'EN."

THE ivy had grown all about the stone, and it covered the text that had been written after the name and age of the deceased. The widdy stood a while looking down at the long grass that was over the grave. Then she would have turned away, saying that old Macleish didna do his duty by the grave, but William stoppit her.

"Mother," said he, in a voice that was strange and hoarse, "you and my father were happy together, were you no?"

"Ay, laddie; I'd none cause to murmur. There's aye crosses in merried life; but he was nae better and nae waur than the maist o' men. But he was sair misguidit when he made yon will that pits me fra the hoose gin you think o' merriage. William—"

She turned on him very sudden, and grippit his hand.

"William, gie me your word as a church member that you'll no merry wi'oot my consent."

"You know I won't do that, mother."

"Ay, but gie me your word here beside your dead feyther."

"You have it, mother," said he, very slow. Then his face was all one colour of red, and he lookit at her, blate yet smiling-like. "And, mother, I know you will be ready to consent if Miss Isobel will have me."

"Miss Isobel? That fleein'-aboot lassie that's made you too gran' to speak your ain tongue? Is it to her you have promised merriage?" screamed the widdy.

"No; I have said nothing to her till I spoke to you. But she knows I love her, and—and she is gaen awa; and I would fain speak to the minister——"

He lookit at his mother with a prayer in his eye; but he fell away before the anger on her face, and the slow words that dropped like hot lead on his heart.

"William Rafe," said she, "the deid is witness to the word you hae gi'en that you'll no merry wi'out my consent. And I call the deid tae witness I'll ne'er consent to your merriage with yon lassie."

"Mother!"

"There's nae mair to be said. E'en although you spak forever, I would say naught else. Haud awa hame."

There was no doubt the auld body meant what she said. William had never lookit for siccan a blow, and he couldna open his lips to her; but the colour went from his face and the strength from his heart.

He didna wish that she should see the change she had wrought on him, and he made an excuse to stoop and draw the ivy from the tombstone, his eyes seeing through a mist part of the Scripture written there: "At the end of the days."

And that night Mr. Grahame preached from that very same text to the congregation that had crowded in to hear his farewell discourse.

If they had thought to have their feelings wrought upon, it must have been a sair disappointment they got that night. Never a word of parting said the minister, but turned the subject to the end that comes to all, showing how what we call the end is but God's beginning. A terribly impressive sermon it was, and there was that about Mr. Grahame that hushed through the kirk and quieted the people, so that ilka one was too solemn for tears.

William Rafe sat thinking of the end of his hopes, his eyes fixed on the manse pew, for he couldna take them from the lassie there.

But Miss Isobel didna notice him. She was listening with a grave look on her face, and her eyes lifted to her father, seeing only him in the crowded church.

And Widdy Rafe was in her pew, holding herself very grim and straight, and with no pity in her heart for the end of her laddie's hope.

There was no gossiping round the kirk gates that nicht. The minister stood in the porch and shook hands with ilka ane as he passed oot; and none did more than grip his hand and gae oot in silence.

But although there was no greeting and no muckle to dae amang the members, it was a mair solemn parting than had ever been known at the totum kirkie. And the next day and through the week after the manse was obstructit with the folk calling. And mony a strange gift was offered at the manse during thae days, the fishers being extraordinar' generous to the minister who had aye taken notice of them.

Miss Isobel didna ken what to do with all the smoked haddies and red herrings she got; and the sea-eggs and jelly-fish and strange buckies that Leeb Swankie's lad brought to mind her of Skyrle and its fishers.

Elspeth Mackay knitted some braw socks to the minister, and Widdy Rafe sent the lassie a bookmark with a worded motto, "Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy."

Geordie Mackay had made a book of all the cliff flowers, pressed and named by his ain hand, which pleased Miss Isobel greatly; but she said nothing to onybody of the bonnie pictures of the Abbey and the toon that William Rafe had sent in a present.

Kirsty had been awful proud to give a family group of David and the eight bairns, and herself behind them in her marriage gown.

And all this love and kindness seemed as gin it would break Mr. Grahame's heart. He couldna rest, but wandered in and out of the kirk while Miss Isobel was throng with the cleaning of the manse. For although it had been like a new pin for a week past, she was aye at it with broom and duster.

It seemed that she wouldna give hersel' an empty moment during these days; and when William Rafe came ben the manse, she couldna spare the time even to give him good-day.

So it came on to the night before they were to leave Skyrle. The minister had wandered out of the study, whose bare shelves made him restless-like, into the garden, where there was nothing to tell him that the time had come for him to leave the place he loved.

The rooks cawed softly in the elm trees, and the doggie Skye ran among the gooseberry beds and pricked his nose with trying to find the berries, to which he was partial. The summer was near its end; but the garden was beautiful with dahlias, and asters, and sweet-peas, and sunflowers, that Widdy Rafe thought unbecoming to a manse garden.

By-and-bye he left the flowers and walked under the shadow of the trees into the kirk, the evening chill striking through the grief at his heart.

The quaint-like wee kirk, with its eight sides and diamond-paned windows, had taken a hold of his imagination.

It was in that pulpit that death had touched him; and there that he had struggled with life, and weighed the great questions of sin, and doubt, and hope, and faith. Every seat in every pew spoke aloud; taking the voice of the heart that had cried to him for help Sabbath by Sabbath.

In that pew Elspeth Mackay had prayed for the child God had called; and over there Margot had stood listening to her man's dead feet crossing the bar.

Beside that window, where you could see the gorse all a-flower in the manse garden, Sandy Nicholls was used to sit; and the carved chair in the choir had Geordie Mackay's wistful eyes.

The pew with the horsehair cushions was Widdy Rafe's; and he could see her sitting straight and tall, keeping from her eyes the pride she couldna keep from her heart.

And there was the place where Jean had stood with Nancy Mulholland's bairn, and a bar of gold from the stained window resting on the babe's forehead.

The minister was gey fond of that window, and liked to mind how one day the light had been red on the text that spoke of justice, and had travelled to gold on the words that spoke of love.

Through the side window he could see the sunset clouds over the elms; and he sighed to think of the lessons and the sermons he had gotten from the trees and the rooks. And when he thought of the little dark vestry where the old clock had ticked through the hours he had spent with God, he needed all his faith to believe that this parting led by the right way.

It was maybe because he had come through so muckle in Skyrle that he had such an affection for the place. For I think whiles we have the same feeling for places that we have for folk, and are like to love most them that have touched us at the quick of our natures. But no one, not even Miss Isobel, guessed how the minister felt to leave Skyrle.

The night gathered in the church, but he stood there still. His head was drooped on his breast; and the mournfulness of the end seemed as gin it was all about the old man standing lonely in the empty church that was not empty for him.

And then he bethought him of his sermon notes that he had left in the Bible, and he dragged his feet up the pulpit steps, and sat down, searching the Book for the slip of paper, struggling with the weakness that gripped his heart.

It was close upon midnight when Miss Isobel found him there.

The Bible was open across his knee, and his dead finger pointed to the text, "At the end of the days."

"I am not crying, William," said Miss Isobel through her tears. "The end is God's beginning."

CHAPTER XIV.—OOR DOCTOR.

When Mr. Grahame was taken from the totum kirkie, not by the Conference, neither by his ain will, but by the Lord himsel', there wasna a body in Skyrle whose heart didna go out to the orphaned lassie he had left. And I'm sure if William Rafe had had his way he wouldna have been long in claiming his right to lead her hame to his mither; and to tak tent of her till the time should come for the marriage.

But the laddie was sairly hadden doon by his promise no to merry wanting his mither's leave; and the widdy set her mouth fast, and wouldna allow a word fra him in respect to Miss Isobel.

Weel she kenned the wrang she had dune the lassie; and it but made her the harder to the puir young thing. It's so whiles that we canna forgive them we have wranged. And it was that way with Widdy Rafe.

At ither times the sicht of a lassie left her lane withoot a bluid relation to see to her would sairly have fretted the widdy. But, seeing that the lassie was Miss Isobel, who had gotten the first place in her son's heart, all her pity was changed to bitterness towards her.

But indeed her ill-will against Miss Isobel brought a punishment to hersel'; for it was little pleasure Widdy Rafe got in the minister's burial, not being able for a tear when ilka ane i' the kirk was mourning for him. And it was the same at the sermon that was preached for him the Sabbath efter; for, although she held her kerchief to her eyes, she couldna rightly greet for him with a heart hard against his lassie.

But, however, Miss Isobel wasna needing Widdy Rafe to befriend her; for there wasna anither hoose i' Skyrle but would have been prood to open its doors to her.

And the very day Mr. Grahame was taken from the manse to the Abbey yard, the doctor, who had aye been a friend to the family, led her to his wife, saying, their hame was hers for so lang as she would give them the pleasure of her presence in it.

The doctor had been very weel likit by Mr. Grahame. He had come backwards and forwards to the manse since ever the minister had had his illness; and, although he didna belang to the totum kirkie, ilka member o' the church thocht weel of him for his friendliness to the manse. He was but a young lad—not thirty—but he had a great hold on a' in the town; but especially on the fisher-folk, who, man, woman, and child, loved the vera groond on which he steppit.

I mind weel his frank ways and his open face with its rare bonnie smile and its kindly blue ee.

It made the day more cheery-like just to see him stepping ower the cobbles in the street, with a word for ane and a smile for anither, and a pull o' the lug for the bairns; and no sorrow or trouble escaping him, for all he was so blithe.

He was an awfu' man for the sea; and when he wasna with the sick, he was doon at the shore, sitting on the edge of a boat, baiting the lines or mending the nets with the fishers. Or maybe he was in his own bonnie boat, as happy as a gull on the waves.

It was wonderfu' to observe his love for the sea and all things belonging to it; and his poke was aye full of stones, and shells, and bits of weed that were a sair burden to his young wife. He could name every plank in Skyrle harbour; and weel might he do so, for mony a time would he give a help in painting and cleaning when the fishers were making their boats snod.

And when he wasna fashing himsel' with the boats, you would see him with his breeks turned up seeking out the sea-flowers and such like i' the pools amang the rocks. Ilka pool aboot the shore and at the cliff-foot he kenned; and he would lead the bairns to the spot where the bonniest weed floated, or show them where to gather the finest dulse roond aboot Skyrle. He thocht a sicht of Geordie Mackay, and Sandy Nicholls, and Robbie Christie, who were all daft aboot the sea; and he loaned them books that just made them dafter than before.

What a fine lad the doctor was, to be sure! And what a comely sicht it was to see him wi' his young face, sitting on the harbour-wall cracking wi' Robbie George, and Jock Swankie, and the lave of the auld men; and he as free and hearty as gin he was a fisher-lad himsel'. And he was that; although when he stood beside the sick you would have supposed he had gotten ne'er a thocht in his head that didna run on pills, and bottles, and bandages, and the like.

He was awfu' tender with his patients; and mony a puir auld body in Skyrle was content to die gin she had a hold of his hand.

And it was the same with the bairns, who took weel wi' their sickness gin the doctor came in by to frolic with them, and make a play of the nasty bottle he was for giving them.

There were fifteen doctors in Skyrle; but he never got his ain name, and up and doon the country-side he was just "Oor Doctor."

It seemed but right that he should take Miss Isobel away from the manse; and the puir lassie was willing enough to go with him who had aye been siccan a friend to her father.

And she hadna been lang in his hoose ere her thochts were drawn fra her ain trouble by the sickness that visited the doctor's wife and their bairn, wee Donald, the apple of his father's ee.

All in a moment the two were stricken doon; and Miss Isobel turned to be the help and comfort she aye was where there was distress.

The doctor didna say muckle, but just went aboot amang his patients as before; only there wasna a moment that he was in the hoose that he didna give the boy who all the time was greeting for his father, and couldna thole him awa from his sicht

The puir mither, a delicate creature, was no seriously ill, but weak and ailing, and couldna quit her bed to nurse the sick bairn. And ane nicht the doctor sat himsel' doon beside the

laddie, saying he wouldna leave him again till the crisis was gone by.

His wife, sairly put aboot, was laid i' the next room; and Miss Isobel watched beside her, while the doctor sat with his ee on the bairn waiting for the turn of the fever. It was an awfu' still nicht, close and hot for October; and as the hours wore by,

A COMELY SICHT IT WAS TO SEE HIM SITTING ON THE HARBOUR WALL.

bringing the time nearer when it would be settled gin the laddie was to live, you could see the big drops of perspiration sitting on the doctor's brow.

He had but the ane bairn, and in the four years he had had him the laddie had grown deep into his heart. He stood fanning the boy; but all on a sudden he stayed the fan, listening.

A puff of wind had blown through the open window, and there was a stir in the air that telled him a storm had come on It was one of thae sudden squalls that break whiles on the coast; and in ten minutes the wind would be rushing overhead, and beating up the waves at the harbour's mouth, while the waves would be dashing in white wreaths ower the wall. The doctor gave a thocht to the fishers, and the hope they hadna put oot for the fishing that nicht; and then he turned him to the laddie who was ilka minute drawing nigher to the turn of the fever.

He was kneeling beside the bed, holding the wee hot hand in his, when a ringing of the surgery bell soonded through the hoose.

In a moment he was up and at the window, and had putten his head oot, to see Libbie Swankie holding on to the railings doon below—

"Haste ye, doctor," she cried to him. "Haste ye! Come awa' to the shore. The boaties are a' oot, and there isna man i' Skyrle to pit oot the lifeboat."

"Bide there while I come!" he shouted back to her, greatly excited. He was for going straight away to the shore; but when he drew his head within the room again he gave a deep-like groan. For how could he go to the shore and leave his wee lambie to battle all his lane with the fever?

I canna tell you the struggle that went on in the doctor's heart the while he stood beside the fevered body of his bairn; but, however, it was sune past.

With a terrible stern look on his white face, he steppit saftly to the next room, where his wife was sleeping, and cried Miss Isobel to him.

Then he grippit her twa hands in baith his ain.

"Isobel, I must awa to the shore, and the fever will soon be at its height. Will you see to my boy? You know what is to be done."

"Yes," said Miss Isobel.

"That's a brave girl! Send nurse to my wife. Don't let her know."

With that he was down the stairs three steps at a time. Outside the hoose he took a hold of Libbie's hand, and the twa thegither struggled against the storm that seemed bent on keeping them from the shore.

On the way to the shore from Dr. Angus' hoose, as weel as micht be for the roar of the wind, Libbie telled him how the boats had won oot the same as ordinar' early that morn; and how there wasna a man left in harbour to take oot the lifeboat to the fishers' help.

And the doctor hearkened with his lips set tight; for aboon the roar o' the storm and the voice of strang men i' peril he could hear his bairn greeting for him.

CHAPTER XV.—THE RESCUE.

When they got to the little bridge ower the burn, the force of the gale was like to drive them back; but Libbie was a stalwart lass, and could hold her ain as weel almaist as the doctor.

The waves were dashing ower the wall, but a handful of men and women stood at the end of the pier, wringing their hands and shrieking high aboon the wind. Not ane boat was in sicht, and the sea boiled and churned at the foot of the wall and all along by the cliffs.

It was a sicht to make the stoutest heart tremble; but for them that had son or brither or man oot on that stormy sea it was a sicht to drive the life fra the body.

When the women saw the doctor rinning to them under the shelter of the wall, a great cry went up fra them. And ane and anither ran forward, and held him by the feet and hands, crying to him that their men were in peril, and there was none to save but himself.

They had gotten out the lifeboat and pulled it nigh the steps; and there it was tossing up and doon and never a soul to man it.

The doctor cast a sharp look roond him at the women and the few men that had gathered beside them.

"We must have out the boat," said he. "Who is going in her?"

At that the men staggered, and never a one offered to go. They were mill hands, and it seemed to them a mad thing to venture oot in siccan a storm.

"Likely the boats have made harbour further north," one of them muttered.

But he was stoppit by the doctor, who leaped on the wall, with his hand pointing to where, beside the Bell light, a black speck showed a boat making for Skyrle.

Before they could well take in the meaning of what they saw, the doctor was in the lifeboat making ready to put out.

"Are you Skyrle lads, and afraid of the sea? You know I can't work the boat alone," he sang out to them.

But still the men held back.

Then the group of women parted; and a fisher lassie struggled doon the steps and jumped intae the boat beside the doctor.

"No, no, Libbie," said he. "You're a brave lassie, but a woman is no use in a sea like this."

"Let me gae, doctor," she sobbit. "My Jim's awa', an' I canna bide here an' lat him droon."

"No, no, lassie," he said again. "An' we're no needin' you. Look! here they come. I knew Skyrle lads had pluck enough for anything. Out you get, my woman. You'll only hinder us if you stay."

Libbie lookit up and saw six men coming doon the steps, their fists in their pokes, their faces set like men that kenned what was afore them.

They got into their places, and the lassie steppit oot. Then the doctor gave a cheer for Libbie Swankie, and the boat felt her way round the wall and through the harbour mouth, the doctor guiding her.

But it was an awfu'-like sea, and ere they were ower the bar it was easy kenned that they would never bear to the ither boat.

A great crowd was gathered on the pier by this time, and the screaming and cries of the women were terrible to hear, for they saw fine the lifeboat was nae guid. No men could pull her in siccan a storm. She wouldna answer to the helm, and after a whilie the doctor let her drift with the tide, trying to haud her awa' hame. And then an awfu' sair thing befell, and in sicht of a' watching them, a big wave broke over the boat and bore three men awa'.

There were two that werena seen again; but one rose close to the boat, and the doctor got a hold of him and held on till they pulled him intae the boat.

It was a long ten minutes ere they got the boat in; but the doctor wasna rightly landed ere he was shouting to man a trawler that was in harbour with steam up, and had been starting out when the storm came on. But there was none that would go with him the noo. Libbie Swankie was on her face on the groond, and the sicht they had seen keppit the ither men fra offering.

But the doctor was no to be stayed.

He leaped on the trawler and saw to her being ready for sea, and then he shouted again if none would go with him.

And then Geordie Mackay, a slip of a lad, steppit in. "I owe my life to you, doctor. I may weel spend it wi' you. I'm no sailor, but I can stoke," said he.

And just then Robbie George, ane of the aulder fishers, who had been in his bed a week with rheumatiz, came halting alang the wall and settled himself in the trawler wi' his face glum an' never a word to aebody but the doctor.

"The boat's weel manned that gotten you aboard her, doctor. Haud awa' the noo, lad."

And shouting again cheery-like, the doctor and Geordie Mackay and auld Robbie got the boat out of harbour and fair set to the ane that was labouring in the sea.

Nane will ever rightly ken what thae three went through that morn. But it was a bonnie thing to see the doctor making the lifebelt fast round the auld man, tying him to the stern post and rigging up a bridle to work the helm with ere he would see to his ain safety.

And weel it was he did, for anither big wave bore over the boat, and Robbie wad hae foond his grave in the watter but for the ropes that held him fast. Geordie was doon below, and the doctor himsel' was sweppit ower the side, but he had gotten a hold of the wire stay, and he wrestled till he won to the deck again.

And so, with mony a struggle and mony a prayer, they bore

nearer and nearer to the wee boatie, and at last got nigh eneuch to take the fishers on to the trawler.

There were five of them grown men, and Libbie Swankie's lad beside, and they had made up their minds for death.

They didna put back to Skyrle at the oncet, but beat about seeking for the ither boats. They had no sicht of them, however, for they had gotten into safety ere the storm broke, and they won back to Skyrle as sune as the sea calmed.

It was a weary wark getting the trawler back to port, but the doctor would no be discouraged, and at last he brought her in.

And the minute he set his foot on the stanes o' the harbour the women were like to make a god of him that had saved their men. He wouldna bide wi' them, however, but got away and made for hame, running alang the streets like a daft man.

He had dune his duty by the fishers, but the father's heart in him was crying aloud for the bairn he had left in peril.

The hoose was awfu' still when he got in, and he stood in the entry fearful to mount the steps. And while he waited there Miss Isobel came doon the stairs and smiled into the wae eyes he lifted up, and signed to him to be quiet.

"He is sleeping beautifully," she whispered. "The crisis is past, and he will live."

Then the lassie turned hersel' and went away again; for the big doctor had laid his head on the balusters and was greeting like a woman.

CHAPTER XVI.—NANNIE.

Willie Murgatroyd wasn't the lad to beg and pray of a woman to have him, yet he wrote to Jean two years after he had left her, asking her to give up the bairn and go out to him.

Nannie was a wee toddle then, and it seemed as though Jean's life was bound up in the child's. She was as proud in her way as Willie. She wouldna crave a favour, and she wouldna leave the bairn; so she wrote a short "No" to his prayer. And after that Willie turned to his work dour-like, and thought no more of love. And Jean wrought harder in the mill that she might forget him, and because of the wee thing depending on her.

So Nannie grew up, a bonnie bit flower, but with an awful high spirit. You could see it by the way she looked at you, frank, and daring, and free, yet dropping her blue eyes and turning away, shy and proud, when she saw you noticed her.

There was a look of Jean about her; and when she was twelve past, you would have thought it was the lassie Jean come back to life again. She was just as tall and straight and bonnie; and her face was high and proud, minding me of Jean the day she stood in the kirk to have the bairn named.

Kirsty always said it was Miss Isobel that taught Nannie her strange ways, daring and shy all at once; for she was often at

the manse, and Miss Isobel was full of spirits and fun, yet had a way with her that kept folk from being too pushing. However it was, Nannie was a handful for any woman, and specially for one who hadn't had marriage to sharpen her wits; and if Jean hadna been braced up through falling out with her lad, I doubt she would never have curbed her spirit. But I think all are no sent to the same teacher for wisdom; and some of us learn the meaning of life by pain; and some by the joy that makes the heart unfold like the gowans in the sun in the summer-time.

Kirsty held that it was her that educated Nannie; for she was aye scolding the lassie and dragging her up by the wrong end, as she did her own bairns—who would one and all have gone wrong if it hadna been for David keeping them straight when Kirsty was away teaching the neighbours their duty to their childer.

Well, it wasna long before we saw that Jean's work with Nannie would soon be over, for more than one Skyrle laddie was wanting her; and on summer nights the road by the shore was taken up by young lads strolling past Jean's house and casting an eye round for a sight of Nannie. But none could say it was the lad's blame for wishing to walk along Seagate in the gloaming, it being a bonnie part of the town and a near way to the cliffs. The house faced the sea; and when the tide was out, it was fine to see the rocks all brown and red and gold with seaweed, and little pools among them, and the fishing boats drawn up on the shingle.

And even at night it was bonnie, with the sea stretching out, dim and mysterious, and the red light from the harbour tower flashing over it like a vivid dream across a sleep.

And, moreover, it did no harm for the lads to go by; for Nannie was aye reading love stories and hadn't a thought to spare for the real thing dressed in serge breeks.

It was when she was turned sixteen that Kirsty was curious to explain a change that came over Jean.

She had been close and silent, living to herself, since she had had the bairn and had parted from her lad; and her face had grown strong and set, as though she had a secret locked away somewhere behind it. But quite sudden-like her eyes began to soften, and her face changed, with a look on it you notice in the woods just before the spring comes in; and Kirsty said to herself, "Jean must be courting."

But though she watched and made errands to Seagate most evenings, there was never a sign of any lad seeking Jean. If she had thought, she would have done better to go to Miss Isobel (she was aye Miss Isobel to Kirsty, though by that time the lassie had gotten anither name); for she would have seen by her face, after Jean had been calling, that good luck had come to her. And so it had; for Willie Murgatroyd had sent Jean a letter saying he had kept single for her sake. He was a rich man now, and was winning home to see if she had forgotten him.

As you may think, Jean had no done that; and so she wrote and telled him; and then set herself to count the days before his

ship was due in, telling none but Miss Isobel that Willie was hasting back to wed her.

His boat came in a week before the time; and, without writing to her, he took the train and hastened down to Skyrle to see her —for, now that his love had broken from his pride, it was like the Lunan in flood, and rushed over him, carrying everything before it till he could think of nothing but the lassie he had given up so easily sixteen years before.

He had carried her picture in his mind, and he could see her face bright and sunny, and her hair tossed about her forehead, and the proud set of her neck, and her slim young shape. He forgot that the years that had made a bearded man of him must have changed her too; and he never doubted that he should see the same lassie he had left when he went away from Skyrle. When he steppit out of the station, no one recognized him, and the faces he looked at were all strange and unkenned; but the streets were the same, and the names over the shop-doors, and he hurried on to get to Seagate.

When he reached the house it was near the gloaming, and he opened the door without knocking and walked ben the room. A young lassie sat in the ingle reading by the firelight; and she started up when he came in, and gave a little cry.

For a minute he stared at her, shading his eyes so as to see better. Was it Jean?

Ay, surely. Jean herself, but bonnier than he remembered her. She was looking frightened-like; her eyes were growing bigger and bigger, and her face was red as she felt his look on her. At last he could bear it no longer; his heart was over full, and he stepped forward and caught her in his arms, crying:

"My bonnie lass! My own love! My wee wifie!"

Nannie would have flouted any Skyrle lad that dared to do the like to her; but her head was full of English love stories, and Willie was so handsome, she just thought he was a gentleman come to marry her and make a lady of her. So, though she trembled and drew back, she didna rightly discourage him, but let him hold her hand and lead her to her seat.

"Sweetheart," said he, very tender; but before he could get further the door opened, and in came Miss Isobel and Jean.

The blood left Jean's face as she saw who it was sitting there; but she hung back, for Willie made no sign, staring as gin he didna ken who she was.

"Aunt Jean," said Nannie, rising in an unusual flurry, "Aunt Jean——"

Then Willie's face changed, and he rose too, putting out his hands—"Is it you, Jean?—*you?*" he asked, dazed-like.

"Ay, Willie," she said, lifting her face all wet and shining to his.

But he didna kiss her, neither offer his hand.

"Who is that?" he asked pointing to Nannie.

"That is my lassie," Jean said very proud; "the wee bairn Nancy Mulholland gave to me."

Willie slowly sat down and began to wiped his face with his kerchief.

"God help me!" he said very deep and low.

They were all silent after that, gazing at each other; then Miss Isobel turned to Nannie:

"Will you walk as far as the Abbey with me, dearie?"

Nannie would fain have stopped in the cottage with this braw man that said he loved her; but she was too fond of Miss Isobel to say her nay. So she put on her shawlie and went out with her, leaving Willie to use himself to thinking of Jean as a worn, pale woman, and not a bonnie lassie at all.

Well, it's natural for a man to like better a bonnie face than a true heart; so when Willie's thoughts turned to Nannie, it was only what was to be expectit.

But, eh, it was a pity for Jean, that everybody in Skyrle knew as a rare fine woman, to be set on one side for the child she had given her life to. We had seen her change from a light-hearted lassie into a fine, deep-natured woman, true and loving for all her silence; a friend to all, yet yielding her life to Nancy's bairn, and sharing her troubles with none but Miss Isobel, who had a big heart as full of other bodies' sorrows as the cushion is of pins that's set for the baby coming home.

Willie was often at the cottage after that night; very grave and quiet towards Jean, but smiling and kind to the lassie, who didna doubt but what he was courting her.

She, poor bairn, had never heard of Jean's lad; and there was nothing to show that he had a thought of Jean, for he kept himself still, and said no more of marriage. But I doubt she would have heard the story by that time, if it hadna been that Kirsty was staying beside her daughter in the north, and there was none else to tell her, Jean being too proud to say he was her lover when he said no word to her.

So Nannie thought Willie was taken up with her, as indeed he was, and she grew to love him and look for his coming. And a braw light came into her face, and all her pride went under the shyness that made her sweet and gentle and winsome. And Jean noticed nothing, for her heart was sair that the love of her life had come back to her with its sweet turned to bitter. And indeed Willie was no braw lover to her, with his silence, and his stormy nature all fretted by the passion he had for Nannie and Jean.

If the lassie had not been there his heart would have gone back to his old love. But it irked him to see her stern and pale and patient, and so unlike the bonnie-spirited Jean he had thought on for sixteen years, while Nannie sitting beside him was the very picture he had in his mind.

The very day Kirsty won home she saw how things were going, and went to tell Miss Isobel she doubted Jean's lad was courting Nannie Mulholland; and she, for one, would be fine and pleased to see Jean well rid of the lassie who had been siccan a handful all these years, and needed a man to break her spirit.

Miss Isobel said never a word but to warn Kirsty not to do a

mischief by spreading such-like gossip; but her heart was sair for Jean, who was a sister to her, and she went round to Seagate that evening to see if Kirsty was right.

And as soon as she was ben the room she wondered how she had been so blind as not to ken it before.

There sat Jean pale and hard, yet patient-like, as if she expected something; and there sat Willie with his eyes fixed on Nannie, who was by the fire, with the colour coming and going on her face.

Miss Isobel's heart just broke to see the work before her, for she loved Nannie as her own; but her duty was clear, and she wouldna shrink from it.

She gave Nannie a kiss, spoke a bright word to Jean, and threw a joke at Willie. Then she sat and began talking of the time when they were all young together, and in the same class at the Abbey school; and from one thing to another went on to the days when he and Jean were courting, and Jean was the best and bonniest lassie in Skyrle.

She was surely a fine lassie, Miss Isobel, and clever, for she bided there an hour bringing up old tales that made them now laugh, now greet, till they were all back in their youth and had clear forgotten Nannie.

And minding of that time Willie's heart got soft to Jean. The talk had made her cheery-like, and her face was young and gay when she laughed with them; and more than once she blushed, shy and winsome as a young lassie, when Willie cracked of the days when they first loved.

Before the hour was ended they had drawn together again, and he had found that the woman Jean was the lassie that had won his heart as a boy.

Then Miss Isobel rose suddenly, and said she must hasten home, and would Nannie gae back with her.

She, poor lassie, was glad enough to get away out into the fresh air from the pain that lay like a wounded thing in her heart.

And as they walked on, Miss Isobel, not noticing how quiet Nannie was, began to tell her of the girl that had given up her lad for the sake of a little motherless bairn.

"And think how sad it was, Nannie," said she, stopping in Barber's Croft. "After long years his heart returned to his old love, and he came back over the sea to marry her. But the little baby had grown into a maiden by that time; and when he saw her his love wavered between her and the woman who had loved him all her life. The child cared for him, he could see; but he could not make up his mind to take her when he was bound to the other; so he let things slip, and every day he found it harder to do the right thing. And then, Nannie, and then—the young girl found out what she owed to the woman who had given up her life for her sake; and she was very true and noble, and she had strength to make the hard sacrifice; and——

"Yes?" Nannie said husky-like, when Miss Isobel halted, not being able to go on for sobbing.

"And—and, she made up her mind. Oh, my dearie," said Miss

Isobel, throwing her arms round the lassie; "Oh, my bonnie Nan! what did she make up her mind to do?"

Kirsty told me afterwards how they had halted right under her window, and she heard the whole talk, and saw Nannie draw herself up straight, and lift her face, smiling, but white as the dead, to Miss Isobel.

"Miss Isobel, Miss Isobel," she said, and her voice had a sound in it like a shudder of the waves falling back over the pebbles when the tide is going out; "Miss Isobel, will you take me away somewhere where I may stay till—till they are married?"

THE REST OF FAITH.

BY REV. J. LAYCOCK.

The sunlight gleams and fades from mount and vale,
The twilight shades creep over hill and dale,
Clasped hands of darkness o'er my sight prevail,
But I am not afraid.

Deep chills now linger where the sunbeam's fire
My life did warm with love, and fond desire
To live, and grow, and dwell, nor e'en aspire
For any life more fair.

Now, as life's summer sun sinks in the West,
And evening dews descend to cool my breast,
And weariness steals o'er me seeking rest,
Fain would I fall on sleep.

With humble fare my table has been spread,
Thy crusts, Lord, better are than Mammon's bread,
The water turned to wine I crave instead
Of other draughts than thine.

My gifts and graces Lord are small and poor
So weak am I; How dost Thou still endure
To bear with me, and in Thy breast secure
Let me in love abide?

My tears have been my meat both day and night,
I walk in darkness groping for the light,
Waiting the star of eventide, so bright
That sorrows flee away.

And as in doubt and weariness I stand,
And long for the firm pressure of a hand
To lead me down the cold and wave-washed strand
Of death, Thou dost appear,

And lo, I hear a voice above the roar
Of the wild breakers dashing on the shore—
"I'm with thee and shall keep thee evermore.
Weak one, there is no death—

"No death to him who clings with trust full strong
To love's right arm, as strong as it is long,
Lean on My arm, and lo, thine evening song
Shall frighten death away."

Fort William, Ont.

A SINGER FROM THE SEA.

A CORNISH STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

Author of The Preacher's Daughter," etc.

CHAPTER XV.—ONLY FRIENDS.

"Stay at home, my heart, and rest,
Home-keeping hearts are happiest;
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care—
To stay at home is best."

When Denas had deposited her money in the Clydesdale Bank and made the few purchases she thought proper and prudent, she felt that one room of the house of life was barred for ever against her return to it.

Leaving London, such thoughts of something final, at least as far as this probation was concerned, greatly depressed Denas. "Every pleasure I had was tithed by sorrow. Roland loved me, but I brought him only disappointment. I loved Roland, and yet all my efforts to make him happy were failures. Roland has been taken from me. Our child has been taken away from me. Elizabeth I have put away—death could not sever us more effectually. I am going back to my own people and my own life, and I pray God to give me a contented heart in it."

These were the colour of her reflections as the train bore her swiftly to the fortune of her future years. She told herself that there would be a certain amount of gossip about her return, and that it could not be avoided by either a public or private arrival.

A few people were on the platform, but none of them were thinking of Mrs. Tresham, and the woman so simply dressed and veiled in black made no impression on anyone. She left her trunk in the baggage-room and went by the familiar road down the cliff-breast. At the last reach she stood still a moment and looked at the clustered cottages and the boats swaying softly on the incoming tide. A great peace was over the place. The very houses seemed to be resting. There was fire or candle light in every glimmering square of their windows; but not a man, or a woman, or a child in sight. As she drew near to her father's cottage, she saw that it was very brightly lighted; and then she remembered that it was Friday night, and that very likely the weekly religious meeting was being held there. That would account for the diffused quiet of the whole village.

The thought made her pause. She had no desire to turn her home-coming into a scene. So she walked softly to the back of the little house and entered the curing shed. There was only a slight door—a door very seldom tightly closed—between this shed and the cottage room. She knew all its arrangements. It was

called a curing shed, but in reality it had long been appropriated to domestic purposes. Joan kept her milk and provisions in it, and used it as a kind of kitchen. Every shelf and stool, almost every plate and basin, had its place there, and Denas knew them. She went to the milk pitcher and drank a deep draught; and then she took a little three-legged stool, and placing it gently by the door, sat down to listen and to wait.

Her father was talking in that soft, chanting tone used by the fishers of St. Penfer, and the drawling intonations, with the occasional rise of the voice at the end of a sentence, came to the ears of Denas with the pleasant familiarity of an old song.

As he ceased speaking some woman began to sing "The Ninety-and-Nine," and so singing they rose and passed out of the cottage and to their own homes. One by one the echoes of their voices ceased, until, at the last verse, only John and Joan were singing. As they finished, Denas looked into the room. Joan was lifting the big Bible covered with green baize. Between this cover and the binding all the letters Denas had sent them were kept, and the fond mother was touching and straightening them. John, with his pipe in one hand, was lifting the other to the shelf above his head for his tobacco-jar. The last words of the hymn were still on their lips.

Denas opened the door and stood just within the room, looking at them. Both fixed their eyes upon her. They thought they saw a spirit. They were speechless.

"Father! Mother! It is Denas!"

She came forward quickly as she spoke. Joan uttered one piercing cry. John let his pipe fall to pieces on the hearth-stone and drew his child within his arms. "It be Denas! It be Denas! her own dear self," he said, and he sat down and took her to his breast, and the poor girl snuggled her head in his big beard, and he kissed away her tears and soothed her as he had done when she was only a baby.

And then poor Joan was on the rug at their feet. She was taking the wet stockings and shoes off of her daughter's feet; she was drying them gently with her apron, fondling and kissing them as she had been used to do when her little Denas came in from the boats or the school wet-footed. And Denas was stooping to her mother and kissing the happy tears off her face, and the conversation was only in those single words that are too sweet to mix with other words; until Joan, with that womanly instinct that never fails in such extremities, began to bring into the excited tone those tender material cares that make love possible and life-like.

"Oh, my darling," she cried, "your little feet be dripping wet, and you be hungry, I know, and we will have a cup of tea. And how be your husband, my dear?"

"He is dead, mother."

"God's peace on him!"

"And the little lad, Denas—my little grandson that be called John after me,"

"He is dead, too, father."

Then they were speechless, and they kissed her again and mingled their tears with her tears, and John felt a sudden lonely place where he had put this poor little grandson whom he was never to see.

Then Denas began to drink her warm tea and to talk to her parents; but they said no words but kind words of the dead. They listened to the pitiful taking away of the young man, and before the majesty of death they forgot their anger and their dislike, and left him hopefully to the mercy of the Merciful. For if John and Joan knew anything, they knew that none of us shall enter paradise except God cover us with His mercy.

And not one word of all her trouble did Denas utter. She spoke only of Roland's great love for her; of their trials endured together; of his resignation to death; of her own loneliness and suffering since his burial; and then, clasping her father's and mother's hands, she said:

"So I have come back to you. I have come back to my old life. I shall sing no more in this world. That life is over. It was not a happy life. Without Roland it would be beyond my power to endure it."

"You be welcome here as the sunshine. Oh, my dear girl, you be light in my eyes and joy to my heart, and there is no trouble can hurt me much now."

Then Joan said: "'Twas this very morning I put clean linen on your bed, Denas. Oh, Denas, what a godsend you do be! John, my old dear, our life be turned to sunshine now."

And long after Denas had fallen asleep they sat by their fire and talked of their child's sorrow, and Joan got up frequently and took a candle, and, shading it with her hand, went and looked to see if the girl was all right. When Denas was a babe in the cradle, Joan had been used to satisfy her motherly longing in the same way. Her widowed child was still her baby.

In the morning John went from cottage to cottage and told his friends to come and rejoice with him. For really to John "the dead was alive and the lost was found." And it was a great wonderment in the village; men nor women could talk of anything else but the return of Denas Tresham. After the second Sunday all her acquaintances had seen Denas, and curiosity and interest were at their normal standard.

All her acquaintances but Tris Penrose. Denas wondered that he did not come to see her, and yet she had a shy dislike to make inquiries about him. For the love of Tris Penrose for Denas Penelles had been the village romance ever since they were children together, and she feared that a word from her about him might set the women to smiling and sympathizing and to taking her affairs out of her own hands.

As the home-life settled to its usual colour and cares, Denas became conscious of a change in it. She saw that her father went very seldom to sea, that he was depressed and restless, and that her mother, in a great measure, echoed his moods. And she was obliged to confess that she was terribly weary. There was

little housework to do, except what fell naturally to Joan's care, and interference with these duties appeared to annoy the methodical old woman. The knitting was far ahead, there were no nets to mend; and when Denas had made herself a couple of dresses, there seemed to be no work for her to do. And she was not specially fond of reading.

One morning a woman visited the cottage, and the sole burden of her conversation was the lack of a school in St. Penfer-by-the-Sea to which the fisher-children might go in the morning.

"Here be my six little uns," she cried, "and up the cliff they must hurry all, through any wind or weather, or learn nothing. There be sixty school-going children in the village, and I do say there ought to be a school here for them."

And suddenly it came into the heart of Denas to open a school. Pay or no pay, she was sure she would enjoy the work, and that afternoon she went about it. An empty cottage was secured, a fisher-carpenter agreed to make the benches, and at an outlay of two or three pounds she provided all that was necessary. The affair made a great stir in the hamlet. She had more applications for admission than the cottage would hold, and she selected from these thirty of the youngest of the children.

For the first time in many months Denas was sensible of enthusiasm in her employment. But Joan did not apparently share her hopes or her pleasure. She was silent and depressed and answered Denas with a slight air of injury.

"They have agreed to pay a penny a week for each child," Denas said to her mother.

"Well, Denas, some will pay and some will never pay."

"To be sure. I know that, mother. But it does not much matter."

"Aw, then, it do matter, my girl—it do matter, a great deal." And Joan began to cry a little and to arrange her crockery with far more noise than was necessary.

"Dear mother, what is it? Are you in trouble of any kind?"

"Aw, then, Denas, I be troubled to think you never saw your father's trouble. He be sad and anxious enough, God knows. And no one to say 'here, John,' or 'there, John,' or give him a helping hand in any way."

"Sit down, mother, and tell me all. I have seen that father's ways are changed and that he seldom goes to the fishing. I hoped the reason was that he had no longer any need to go regularly."

"No need? Aw, my dear, he has no boat!"

"No boat! Mother, what do you mean to tell me?"

"I mean, child, that on the same night the steamer *Lorne* was wrecked your father lost his boat and his nets, and barely got to land with his life—never would have done that but for Tris Penrose, who lost all, too—and both of them at the mercy of the waves when the life-boat reached them. Aw, my dear, a bad night. And bad times ever since for your father. Now and then he do get a night with Trenager, or Penlow, or Adam Oliver; but they be only making a job for him. And when pilchard time

comes, 'tis to St. Ives he must go and hire himself out—at his age, too. It makes me ugly, Denas. My old dear hiring himself out after he have sailed his own boat ever since man he was. And then to see you spending pounds and pounds on school-benches and books, and talking of it not mattering if you was paid or not paid; and me weighing every penny-piece, and your father counting the pipefuls in his tobacco-jar. Aw, 'tis cruel hard! Cruel! cruel!"

"Now, then, mother, dry your eyes—and there—let me kiss them dry. Listen: Father shall have the finest fishing-boat that sails out of any Cornish port. Oh, mother, dear! Spend every penny you want to spend, and I will go to the church town this afternoon to buy father tobacco for a whole year."

"Let me cry! Let me cry for joy, Denas! Let me cry for joy! You have rolled a stone off my heart. Be you rich, dear?"

"Not rich, but I have sixteen hundred pounds at interest."

"Sixteen hundred silent pounds, and they might have been busy, happy, working pounds! Aw, Denas, what hours of black care the knowing of them might have saved us. But there, then—I had forgotten. The money be theatre money, and your father will not touch a penny of it. I do know he will not."

"Mother, when I stopped singing I had not in my purse one halfpenny. Roland gave me fifty dollars; that came from Elizabeth—that was all I had. When it was gone, Roland was employed by Mr. Lanhearne. I told you about him."

"Yes, dear. How then?"

"Roland's father left him pictures and silver plate and many valuable things belonging to the Treshams, and when Roland died they were mine. Elizabeth bought them from me. They were worth two thousand pounds; she gave me sixteen hundred pounds."

"Why didn't you tell father and me? 'Twas cruel thoughtless of you."

"No, no! I wanted to come back to you as I left you—just Denas—without anything but your love to ask favour from. If I had come swelling myself like a great lady, worth sixteen hundred pounds, how all the people would have hated me! What dreadful things they would have said! Father would have had his hands full to make this one and that one keep the insult behind their lips. Oh, 'twould have been a broad defiance to evil of every kind. I did think, too, that father had some money in St. Merryn's Bank."

"To be sure. And so he did. But there—your aunt Helen's husband was drowned last winter, and nothing laid by to bury him, and father had it to do; and then there was a mortgage on the cottage, and that was to lift, or no roof to cover Helen and her children. So with this and that the one hundred pounds went away to forty pounds. That be for our own burying. There be twenty pounds of yours there."

"Mine is yours!" Then rising quickly, she struck her hands sharply together and cried out: "ONE and ALL! ONE and ALL!"

And Joan answered her promptly, letting the towel fall from her grasp to imitate the sharp smiting of the hands as with beaming face she repeated the heart-stirring cry.

"ONE and ALL! ONE and ALL! Denas. Aw, my girl, there was a time when I said in my anger I was sorry I gave you suck. This day I be right glad of it! You be true blood! Cornish clean through, Denas!"

"Yes, I be true Cornish, mother, and the money I have is honest money. Father can take it without a doubt. But I will see Lawyer Tremaine, and he shall put the sum I got in the St. Penfer *News*, and tell what I got it for, and none can say I did wrong to take my widow right."

"I be so happy, Denas! I be so happy! My old dear will have his own boat!"

"Now, mother, neither you nor I can buy a boat. Shall we tell father and let him choose for himself?"

Joan knew this was the most prudent plan, but that love of "surprise pleasures" which is a dominant passion in children and uneducated natures would not let Joan admit at once this solution of the difficulty. So after a moment's thought she said: "There be Tris Penrose. It will be happy for him to be about such a job."

"I have not seen Tris since I came home. He is the only one who has not come to say welcome to me."

"Aw, then, 'twas only yesterday he got home himself. He has been away with Mr. Arundel on his yacht."

"You never told me."

"You never asked. I thought, then, you didn't want Tris to be named."

"But what for shouldn't I name Tris?

"La! my dear, the love in Tris' heart was a trouble to you. You were saying that often."

"But Tris knows about fishing-boats?"

"Who knows more?"

"And what kind of a boat father would like best?"

"None can tell that as well."

"And Tris is home again?"

"That be true. Ann Trewillow told me, and she be working at the Abbey two days in the week."

"Has Mr. Arundel bought the Abbey?"

"He has done that, and it be made a grand place now. And when Tris lost his boat trying to save your father's life and boat, Mr. Arundel was with the coast-guard and saw him. And he said: 'A fine young man! A fine young man!' So the next thing was, he spoke to Tris and hired him to sail his yacht. And 'tis far off, by the way of Gibraltar, they have been—yet home at last, thank God!"

"Tris will be sure to come here, I suppose?"

"Ann Trewillow told him you were home—a widow, and all; he will be here as soon as he can leave the yacht. It is here he comes first of all as soon as he touches land again."

"Then we will speak to him about the boat."

"To be sure. And I do wish he would hurry all and show himself. New boats be building, but the best may get sold—a day might make a difference."

"And now, mother, you must try and lift the care from father's heart. Let him know, some way, that money troubles are over and that he may carry his head up. You can do it—a little word—a little look from you—he will understand."

"Aw, then, Denas, a smile is enough. I can lift my eyelids, and he'll see the light under them and catch it in his heart. John isn't a woman. Thank God, he can be happy and ask no questions—trusting all. Your father be a good man to trust and hope."

Then the day, that had seemed to stretch itself out so long and wearily, was all too short for Joan and Denas. They talked about the money freely and happily, and Denas could now tell her mother all the circumstances of her visit to Elizabeth.

So the morning passed quickly away, and in the afternoon Denas went into the village to look after her school-room. Not for a very long time had she felt so calmly happy, so hopeful of the future, so resigned to the past.

After her business in the village was over she walked toward the cliff, and sat down at the promontory between St. Penfer and St. Clair. She sat down longer than she intended, for the dreamy, monotonous murmur of the waves and the stillness and solitude predisposed her to that kind of drifting thought which keeps assuring time: "I am going directly."

She was effectually roused at last by the sound of a clear, strong voice whistling a charming melody. She sat quite still. A conviction that it was Tris Penrose came into her heart. She wondered if he would notice—know—speak to her. Tris saw her figure as quickly as it came within his vision, and as quickly as he saw it he knew who was present. He ceased whistling and cried out cheerily:

"Denas? What, Denas?"

She stood up then and held out her hands to him. And she was startled beyond measure by the Tris that met her gaze. Naturally a very handsome man, his beauty was made more attractive by a sailor suit of blue broadcloth. The whole filled her with a pleasant wonder. She made a little time over his splendour, and asked if he was going to the pilchard fishing in such finery. And he took all her hurried, laughing, fluttering remarks with the greatest good-humour. He said, indeed, that he had been told she was home again, and that he wore the dress because he was coming to see her.

Then they sat down, and she told Tris what she desired to do for her father, and Tris entered into the project as enthusiastically as if he was a child. Never before had Tris felt so heart-satisfied. It was such a joy to have Denas beside him; such a joy to know that she was free again; such a joy to share a secret with her. And gradually the effusiveness of their first meeting toned itself down to quiet, restful confidence, and then they rose together and began to walk slowly toward the cottage. Tris walked at her

side under his old embarrassment of silence. Nor could Denas talk. If she tried to do so, then she raised her eyes, and then Tris' eyes looking in hers seemed to reproach her for the words she did not say. At the first opportunity she must make Tris understand that they could only be friends—friends only—and nothing, positively nothing more.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE "DARLING DENAS."

Money in the bank is all the comfort to the material life that a good conscience is to the moral life. Joan was restored to her best self by the confidence her child had given her, and John, entering the cottage in the midst of a happy discussion between Denas, Tris, and his wife, felt as if the weight of twenty years suddenly dropped away from him.

After this night there was a different atmosphere in John Penelles' cottage. John's unhappiness had been mainly caused by the sight of his wife's anxiety and sorrow; and if Joan was her old self, John was not the man to let the loss of his boat and his position make him miserable.

Denas also caught the trick of hoping and of being happy. She opened her school with thirty scholars and found out her vocation. She loved the children and they loved her. The children's affection won her. Such loving allegiance! Such bigoted little adherents! Such blind disciples as Denas had! In a couple of weeks she was the idol of every child in St. Penfer-by-the-Sea, and as mothers see through their children she was equally popular with the children of larger growth.

In the meantime all had been going on satisfactorily about the new fishing-smack. Tris had taken Mr. Arundel into his confidence. He wished to have his permission to make a careful selection and to attend to all matters connected with its proper transfer. So he permitted Tris to absent himself frequently for such a laudable purpose. Tris had found in a yard ten miles north just the very kind of smack John had always longed for, a boat that with a jump would burst through a sea any size you like, and keep right side up when the waves were fit to make a mouthful of her.

She was building for the pilchard season and was to be ready in the middle of June. And at length she was finished and waiting to be brought to her own harbour. If she had been a living, loving human creature, her advent could not have been more eagerly longed for.

On the twenty-fourth all was ready to bring home the boat. The boat had been sold to Denas Tresham, the money paid, and the deed of transfer to John Penelles ready made out. There had also been prepared a paper for the St. Penfer *News*, which was to appear that day, and which Lawyer Tremaine said would supply a ten-days' holiday gossip for the citizens. John wondered at the

air of excitement in his cottage. Joan was singing, Denas had her best dress on, and both had been busy making clotted cream, and junket, and pies of all kinds.

In fact, John was a little depressed by this extravagance of light hearts. He did not think the money Denas got from her school warranted it, and he was heart-sick with the terrible fear that the busy season was at hand and that he had found nothing to do, and his brave old soul sank within him.

"And what be in the wind with you women I know nothing of," he said fretfully, "but you do have some unlikely old ways."

"What way be the wind, John, dear?"

"A little nor'ard, what there be of it—only a capful, though."

"Aw then, John, look to the nor'ard, for good luck do come the way the wind blows."

"Good luck do come the way God sends it, Joan."

"And many a time and oft it do be coming and us not thinking of it."

John nodded gravely. There was little hope in his heart, but he went as usual to the pier and stood there watching the boats.

"That be a strange boat," said Penlow after a long gossip; "well managed, though. The man at her wheel, whoever he be, knows the set of the tide round here as well as he knows his cabin. I wonder what boat that be?"

John had no heart to echo the wonder. Another strange boat, doubtless, bringing more fishers. He said it was getting tea-time, he would go along. He knew that if the fish were found and there was a seat in a boat it would be offered him. He would not give his mates the plan of refusing or of apologizing. The next day he would go to St. Ives.

When he reached his cottage he saw Joan and Denas on the door-step watching the coming boat. Their smiles and interest hurt him. He walked to the hearth and began to fill his pipe. Then Denas, with a large paper in her hand, came to his side. She slipped on to his knee—she laid her cheek against his cheek—she said softly, and oh, so lovingly:

"Father! father! The boat coming—did you see her?"

"To be sure, Denas. I saw her, my dear."

"She is your boat, father—yours from masthead to keel! All yours!"

He looked at her a moment and then said:

"Speak them words again, Denas."

She spoke them again, smiling with frank delight and love into his face.

"Thank God! Now tell me all about it! Joan, my old dear, come and tell me all about it."

Then they sat down together and told him all, and showed him the St. Penfer *News* containing Lawyer Tremaine's statement regarding the property which had come of right to Denas. And John listened until the burden he had been carrying rolled quite away from his heart, and with a great sigh he stood up and said

loudly, over and over again, "Thank God! Thank God! Thank God!" Then, as if a sudden hurry pressed him, he cried—"Come Joan! Come Denas! Let us go to the pier and welcome her home."

She was just tacking to reach harbour when they mingled with the crowd of men and women already there. And Ann Trewillow was calling out: "Why, it is Tris Penrose at her wheel!" Then as she came closer a man shouted: "It be the *Darling Denas*. It must be John Penelles' boat. To be sure it be John's boat!" This opinion was reached by an instant conviction, and every face was turned to John.

"It be my boat, mates. Thank God and my little girl. It be my boat, thank God!"

Joan gave a general invitation to her friends, and they followed her to the cottage, and heard the St. Penfer *News* read, and had refreshment. They were proud and glad of what they heard. Denas had made herself so beloved that no one had a grudging or envious feeling. Everyone considered how she had come back to them as if she had been penniless; "and teaching our little ones too—with sixteen hundred pounds at her back! Wonderful! Wonderful!" said first one and then another of the women. Denas Penelles was a veritable romance to them.

In the evening there was a great praise-meeting at John's cottage; for in St. Penfer all rejoicing and all sorrow ended in a religious meeting. And Denas and Tris sang out of the same hymn-book, and sat side by side as they listened to John's quaintly eloquent tribute to the God "who did always keep faith with His children." "I was like to lose sight of my God," he cried, "but my God never did lose sight of me. God's children be well off, He goes so neighbourly with them. He is their pilot and their home-bringer. I did weep to myself all last night; but just as His promise says, joy did come in the morning." And then John burst into song, and all his mates and neighbours with him.

And it is in such holy, exalted atmospheres that love reaches its sweetest, fairest strength and bloom. Tris had no need of words. Words would have blundered, and hampered, and darkened all he had to say. She saw though his eyes to the bottom of his honest soul, and she knew that he loved her as men love who find in one woman only the song of life, the master-key of all their being.

She expected Tris would come and see her the next day, but Ann Trewillow brought word that he had sailed with Mr. Arundel. Tris had been expecting the order, and the yacht had only been waiting for guests who had suddenly arrived. Denas was rather pleased. She was not yet ready to admit a new love. There must be time given for it to grow.

Good fortune seemed to have come to St. Penfer-by-the-Sea when Denas came back to it. Never had there been a more abundant sea-harvest that that summer. The *Darling Denas* brought luck to the whole fleet. She was a swift sailer, always first on the fishing-ground and always first to harbour again; and it was a great pleasure to Denas to watch her namesake leading

out and leading home the brown-sailed bread-winners of the hamlet.

In the autumn Tris returned for a few days, but he was so busy that he could not leave the yacht. She was being provisioned and put in order for the long Mediterranean winter voyage, and Tris was in constant demand. But John and Joan and Denas walked over to St. Clair to bid him good-bye. And never had Tris looked so handsome and so manly.

After Tris was gone the winter came rapidly, but Denas did not dread it. Neither did John nor Joan. John looked upon his boat as a veritable godsend. What danger could come to him on a craft so blessed? All her takes were large and fortunate. The other boats thought it lucky to sail in her wake.

Joan was happy in her husband's happiness; she was now particularly happy in Denas' school. And Denas was happy. When she mentally contrasted this busy, loving winter with the sorrows of the previous one, with the hunger and cold and poverty, the anguish of death and the loneliness, she could not but be grateful for the little home-harbour which her storm-tossed heart had found again. If she had a regret, it was that she could not retain her hold upon her finished life. Every time she asked her heart after Roland, memory gave her pictures in fainter and fainter colours. Roland was drifting farther and farther away.

"Master Arundel's yacht be come into harbour safe and sound," little maid Gillian told her one morning, "and Captain Tris, he be brave and hearty, and busy all to get ashore again. And my mother do say Mr. Arundel he be going to marry a fine lady, and great doings at the Abbey, no doubt. And mother do say, too, that Captain Tris will be marrying you."

There was a longing in Denas' heart for love all her own. And she was interested enough in Tris' return to dress with more than usual care that evening. About seven o'clock she heard his footsteps on the shingle and the gay whistle to which they timed themselves. Joan went to the door to welcome him. Denas stood up as he entered, and then, meeting his ardent gaze, trembled and flushed and sat down again. He sat down beside her. He told her how much already he had heard of her gracious work in the village. He said it was worth going to France and Italy and Greece only to come back and see how much more lovely than all other women the Cornish women were. And by-and-bye he took from his pocket the most exquisite kerchief of Maltese lace and a finely-carved set of corals. Denas would have been less than a woman had she not been charmed with the beautiful objects. She let Tris knot the lovely, silky lace around her throat, and she went to her mirror and put the carved coral comb among her fair, abundant tresses, and the rings in her ears, and the necklace and the locket round her white, slender throat.

Then Tris looked at her as if he had met a goddess in a wilderness; and Joan, with her hands against her sides, congratulated and praised herself for having given to St. Penfer-by-the-Sea a daughter so lovely and so good.

CHAPTER XVII.—DENAS.

During the summer which followed, Tris was much at home. About the beginning of the summer, just before the pilchard season, Jacob Trenager died. He was a Pentrath man, and of course "went home" for his burying. It did not seem an event likely to affect the lives of Tris and Denas, and yet it did have a very pleasant influence upon their future. In some far-back generation a Trenager had saved the life of an Arundel, and ever since, when any adult of one family was buried an adult of the other threw the first earth upon the coffin, in token of their remembrance and of their friendship. Mr. Arundel was aware of the tradition, and he desired to perpetuate it.

So, in accord with his expressed desire, Trenager's funeral was observed with all the ancient ceremonies. His mates from the numerous villages around carried him all the way on his bier to Pentrath; carried him by the sea-shore, singing hymns as they went. A great crowd of men and women were in the procession, and the old church at Pentrath was full to overflowing. Jacob's forefathers for centuries back lay in Pentrath churchyard, and there were old people living in the town who remembered Jacob casting the first earth on the present Mr. Arundel's father's coffin, and who wondered whether the son would do the same kindness for the fisherman.

The day after Jacob's death it was noticed in St. Penfer that a strange gentleman called upon Denas, and that Denas went up the cliff-breast with him and remained in the church town for the greater part of the day. The strange gentleman was the organist of Pentrath church, and his visit to Denas was made to induce her to sing a portion of the funeral service; and St. Penfer being nearer than Pentrath, they had gone to St. Penfer church to practise.

It was a warm, sunshiny day. The church windows were all open, and the rustle of the trees in the churchyard, the hum of the bees, the songs of the birds, the murmur of the town beyond, came through them. Mr. Arundel stood at the foot of the coffin, Jacob's family at the head; the crowd of fishers filled the old pews and aisles to overflowing. Suddenly there was a burst of triumphant melody. It filled the church and lifted the souls of all present up, and up, far beyond, and far

> "Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
> Which men call earth."

"*I know that my Redeemer liveth!*"

Higher and higher the clear, strong voice rang out the joyful assurance, till every heart swelled to rapture and every eye was wet with holy tears.

"*I know that my Redeemer liveth!*"

And as Denas sang the blessed affirmation, the organ pealed out its noble symphony, and men and women lifted wet faces heavenward, until to the last majestic strain—

"Yet in my flesh shall I see God"—

the coffin was lifted and the mourners and the singer followed it to the open grave.

Never before had Denas had such joy in God's pleasant gift of a melodious voice. To look at her father's and mother's faces was a happiness sufficient. The adoration of Tris, the delight and gratitude of her friends, the conviction that she had lifted for a few moments mortal men above their mortality and made them realize that they should "yet see God," was in itself a recompense beyond anything she had ever dreamed of. The next day Tris went away with Mr. Arundel and did not return for five weeks.

But Mr. Arundel had been so much interested in the singer as to ask from Tris all that he could tell him of the life of Denas. And Tris, like all lovers, was only too glad to talk of the girl he adored; so as they sat together at midnight on the lonely sea, with the full moon above them, they grew very confidential. Tris told all the story of his love, and Mr. Arundel told Tris about the beauty and accomplishments of the woman he was going to marry; and there was, in this way, a kind of intimacy established which resulted in a financial proposition making the question of marriage a very easy and happy one to Captain Tristram Penrose, of the yacht *Spindrift*.

That five weeks of lonely heart-ache taught Denas that Tris had become a very dear portion of her life, and when he returned he found it more easy than he had dared hope to induce her to bury for ever the strange years which a strange love had somehow slipped into her sheaf of life.

Then Tris told her that he had signed a contract with Mr. Arundel for five years, and that a portion of this contract was the use of the stone cottage on the hill beyond the Abbey. He said if Denas would share it with him he would make it as beautiful within as it was without, and that he would love her more and more fondly to the last moment of his life. He spoke with all the simple passion of his nature and circumstances; but his heart was hot behind his words, and Denas gave herself freely to their persuasion.

In a few days after this happy understanding, Mr. Arundel had apparently an equally joyful surprise. Something happened, and the days of his waiting were over, and he was to be married immediately. Then it was, in Cornish phrase, "busy all" to get the yacht overhauled and well victualled. For the young couple were going to spend the winter on the Mediterranean coasts, and Tris was as much interested in the preparations as was possible to be, even though the unexpected change disarranged and postponed his own plans.

For there had absolutely been in Tris' mind a resolution to marry Denas before he went on the winter's cruise. Of course in

making this resolution he had never taken into account the contrary plans of Denas and Joan, neither of whom was disposed to make any haste about the marriage.

"Love do soon die if there be no house for him to live in," said Joan; "and I do feel to think that the furnishing of the house be the first thing. And that not to be done in a week or a month, either. Ham-sam work have no blessing or happiness with it. To be sure not. Why would it?"

Denas held the same opinions, so Tris went away and left the furnishing to Denas and Joan. And no one but a mother can tell with what delightful pride Joan entered into this duty. She had never bought carpets and stuffed furniture before. The china tea-service would not let her sleep for three nights, she was so divided between the gold and white and the pink and gold. All the little niceties of the dining-room and the sitting-room, the snowy curtains at every window, the white-handled knives and the plated silver—all these things held joys and surprises and never-ending interest to the happy mother.

Between these duties and her school, the long winter months passed happily away to Denas. The school, indeed, troubled her in a certain way. Who was to keep it together? John also had formed it into a Sunday-school and was greatly delighted with the work. But a really good work never falls through; there is always someone to carry it on, and one day Denas was visited among her pupils by the Wesleyan preacher from St. Penfer. He was astonished at her methods and her success, and he represented the claims of such a school with so much force to the next district meeting that they appointed a teacher to fill the place of Denas.

About the end of March she had a letter from Tris. The yacht was then at Gibraltar on its return passage, and Tris might be looked for within a few days. But the house was nearly ready and all her personal preparations were made. Such as pertained to the ceremony and their future life they would make together when Tris returned home. Never had father and mother and daughter been so happy and so closely one. Joan had grown young again. John sang from morning to night.

Tris came home just before Easter. The spring was in his heart, the spring was in his life and love. The winds, the young trees, the peeping crocus-buds, were part and parcel of Denas and of his hopes in her. What charming walks they took to their home! What suggestions and improvements and alterations they made! No two young thrushes, building their first nest, could have been more interested and more important.

There was a great deal of good-natured discussion about the proper date for this wonderful wedding. Tris thought that Easter Sunday would be the day of days in this respect. All the boats would be in harbour. All the women and children would have their new gowns and bonnets on. There would be a special service in the chapel—and then, finally:

"The house be ready, mother, and I be ready, and Denas be ready, and what are we waiting for?"

And as John, and Joan, and Tris were of one mind, what could Denas do but be of the same mind? After all, the great anxiety was the weather.

Easter Sunday broke in a royal mood of sunshine. There was not a breath of wind; the sea was like a sea of sapphire sprinkled with incalculable diamonds; the boats lay lazily swinging on the tide-top; the undercliff was in its Easter green and white.

The ceremony was to be in the St. Clair chapel, and at nine o'clock Tris came in the yacht's boat for his bride and her parents. The boat had been freshly painted white. The four sailors who were to row her were in snow-white duck and blue caps and kerchiefs. Tris had on his best uniform—blue broadcloth and gilt buttons. Tris was handsome enough and proud and happy enough to have set off a fisher's suit of blue flannel; but he trod like a prince and looked like a young sea-god in his splendid array.

It had been thought best for the bride to go to St. Clair by sea. There was no carriage available, and the walk to St. Clair was long and apt to be wet from the last tide. And nobody wanted the bride-dress to be soiled. Beside which, the sea-way gave the St. Penfer people an opportunity to set her off with waving kerchiefs and a thousand good wishes; and it also gave the people of St. Clair an opportunity to welcome her in the same manner.

The chapel was crowded up to the pulpit steps, all but John's pew, which was empty until the bride's party took possession of it. It was a sight to make men and women happy only to look at Joan Penelles' face. John tried to preserve a grave look, but Joan beamed upon every man and woman present. When the little stir of their entrance had subsided, then the Easter service went joyously on. It was known that the wedding was to be solemnized between the sermon and the benediction, and though the sermon was a very good one, all thought it long that morning.

But at length the happy moment arrived. Tris rose and offered his hand to Denas. Then Denas also rose and let her long cloak fall down, and put her bonnet off her head, and walked by Tris' side to the communion table. John and Joan proudly followed. In this marriage, the bride and bridegroom's joy was doubled by being so enthusiastically shared.

Then the clerk spread open the book and the preacher put the pen into the bride's hand. She looked at her husband; she looked at her mother; she hesitated a moment, and then wrote boldly—not Denasia—but—

"*Denas.*"

Neither father nor mother disputed the name. They certified it with their own names, and then passed with their children into the sunshine. The congregation were waiting outside. They parted and made a way between them for the bride and the bridegroom to take; and so standing there, watched them go hand-in-hand up the hill-side to the pretty vine-covered house which was to be their future home.

THE END.

THE FRENCH CANADIAN HABITANT.

BY HARRIET J. JEPHSON.

THERE is no peasant so much attached to tradition as the French Canadian. He finds himself on a continent whose moving spirit is that of progression. The rest of the American world is more or less given up to electric-tramcars and railways. Factory chimneys belch forth their smoke, and sawmills rend the air with hideous noises, within touch, almost, of the quaint, picturesque French villages which lie nestling to the south of the St. Lawrence. The contiguity of progress and push, of manufacture and wealth, in no wise affects the unambitious *habitant*. He teems with contentment and philosophy. Jacques Bon-Homme has a supreme belief in himself and his belongings, in his country and its constitution. A poor *habitant* (the story goes) went to Quebec, and was taken by a friendly priest to see the sights of the city. In a convent church he saw a large painting of David and Goliath. Jacques fixed his gaze admiringly on Goliath. "Ah!" said he, "what a fine man!" "Yes," said the *curé*, "it is a fine man." "Magnificent!" said Jacques; then paused. "I suppose he was a French Canadian?" "*Bien, oui!*" retorted the priest, not liking to disappoint the patriot. "O yes! Goliath was a French Canadian."

That strikes the key-note of the French Canadian character. Where people are self-complacent enough to believe themselves perfect, they do not need to seek improvement, nor do they strain after higher ideals. The *habitant* believes implicitly in the wisdom of his forefathers, and remains the most picturesque and only historical figure on the continent of North America. He farms his own acres, owes allegiance to no man besides his priest, builds his cottage on the ancient Norman model, and looks upon all new-fangled inventions (such as steam-ploughs and threshing-machines) as creations of the evil one. Although more than a century has elapsed since the British standard was unfurled in the Citadel of Quebec, the *habitant* remains as French as his ancestors were the day they left their country. This, too, on a continent where the English, the Irish and the Scotch merge their national characteristics in the course of thirty years into their environment. Jacques, happy in coming under the rule of a generous conqueror, has preserved his language, his laws and his religion intact; and he has gratitude enough to value the liberty given him by his English rulers and to make him the strongest opponent of annexation in Canada.

The French Canadian peasantry are descendants of the hardy men brought to American shores by Champlain over two hundred years ago. The *patois* of the French Canadian peasant has long been the subject of discussion and research; but there seems little reason to doubt that it is the dialect spoken by his Norman ancestors two hundred years ago. Conservative in this, as in all else, the French Canadian has preserved the dialect of his forefathers; whilst his French cousin of to-day has kept pace with the times and drifted into more modern forms of speech.

The *habitants* of Canada are chiefly confined to the province of Quebec. From the Gulf, all the way up the wonderful St. Lawrence, the river's banks are dotted with innumerable white houses and villages. Enter any of these, and you find yourself transported to old-world and time-honoured institutions. Here are veritable Norman cottages, steep-roofed, with dormer windows, wide and deep chimneys, picturesque rafters. Cross the road and you see an oven of ancient construction;

hard by, a wayside cross, before which the devout peasant kneels in prayer for a good harvest. In the middle of the village stands the church, severely whitewashed, with a red-tiled roof and a picturesque steeple. Glance behind it and you see the *curé's* neat cottage, and his reverence (arrayed in black *soutane)* pacing his garden walk. Stiff rows of hollyhocks, dahlias and sunflowers delight his soul, and are not out of harmony with his prim exterior. Be sure that a convent lurks somewhere near; convents and seminaries are the only educational establishments approved by the orthodox French Canadian. A glimpse over a fence reveals demure nuns superintending the recreations of convent-bred misses, and the white caps and black robes make us breathe the atmosphere of Old France. The avenues of poplar-trees, planted by the early settlers in memory of their beloved country, help the illusion. On all sides we have evidence of the deep love for his mother country, the reverence for tradition and the extreme contentment which mark the French Canadian character.

The *habitant* works hard all summer in the fields, and when the winter's snow covers his land he sets to with a will to make boots of cured bullocks' hide (with uppers of sheepskin) for his numerous family. A skilful mechanic, he makes his own hay-carts and rakes, turns out his own furniture, cures the tobacco grown in his garden, salts his own pork, and builds his own house. Curiously enough, gardening is the one pursuit considered derogatory by the French Canadian. It is thought fit only for his women and children. Vegetables are not much cultivated for home consumption, and are usually intended for market purposes. The *habitant* lives chiefly on rye-bread, sour milk, fat pork and potatoes. Maple-sugar, eggs and fish are appreciated; but fresh meat is little in demand. Omelettes and pancakes, as in France, are reserved for high days and holidays.

All good *habitants* marry young. Edwin is not usually more than twenty when he woos his Angela of seventeen. Enormous families follow; but they are looked upon as blessings in these lands of vast acreage. Infant mortality is great; and thus the tendency to over-population is somewhat balanced.

The good-wife is no drone in the *habitant* hive. She spins and weaves, making cloth and flannel for her children's clothes, and putting by blankets, sheets, and rough towelling for her daughters' *dot.* She dries rushes, and during the long winter evenings she plaits hats for her family. She knits wool of her own spinning into socks and stockings, and shapes and makes the simple skirts and jackets which her girls wear, and the trousers and shirts which clothe her lads. In point of thrift she is not behind her ancestors. The walls of the kitchen (which is also the living-room) are of pitch-pine, and the ceiling is made picturesque by rafters. Generally a little staircase, painted deep red, leads from one corner of the kitchen to the rooms above. The fireplace is open, and much what one sees in Norman cottages. The chairs, severe but suitable, are made of unpainted wood, which by constant use has assumed a rich tone and polish. The spinning-wheel and distaff gives an air of quaintness to the room, and two rocking-chairs lend the one touch of comfort. Over the chimney-piece is a black wooden cross; near it a print of Sta. Veronica's Veil. Pio Nono's portrait is in every good French-Canadian's house. He has not yet seemed to grasp the fact that another man sits in the chair of St. Peter.

Compared with most peasantry, the French Canadians are wonderfully clean in their houses and persons. Unlike most peasantry, they nearly all ride in their own carriages. On market-days those living outside towns jog long distances in their carts to sell their produce. There can scarce be a more picturesque sight than the old Quebec market-place as it was a few years ago, with its rows of

covered carts drawn up side by side, and filled with little bright-eyed French women offering their wares for sale. Lamb, butter, eggs, cheese, maple-sugar, syrup, homespun cloth, and home-grown vegetables form the staple commodities of the *habitant*.

The chief religious *fête* is that of St. Jean Baptiste. Not even in papal Italy is the procession more picturesque. Emblematic cars and various bands playing the air of "A la Claire Fontaine" form part of the procession; but all the interest centres in St. John, who is personated by a small lad wearing a golden wig, dressed in sheepskins, carrying a crook, and accompanied in his car by a lamb. Another great day is that of the *Fête de Dieu*, in which the Host is carried through the streets to various stations, the *habitants* prostrating themselves before it. Very picturesque, too, are the ceremonies in connection with the first communion. Troops of little girls in white muslin frocks, wearing white gloves, and caps covered with white veils, are to be seen, accompanied by proud mothers and fathers, walking about the streets.

The manners of the French Canadian are superior to those of his English compatriot in the same rank of life. He condescends on occasions to say "monsieur" and "madame;" but he is absolutely devoid of any feeling of social inferiority, and merely gives these titles from a sense of politeness, and as he would do to his equals. Without the slightest taint of Republicanism or of Communism, the *habitant's* views find expression in John Ball's lines:

> When Adam dolve and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?

In a country where all men work, the only distinction between classes recognizable to him, is that of wealth and poverty, which he understands. With all his simplicity, M. Jacques is keenly alive to the advantages of money, and no Jew can drive a better bargain.

With the upper class of French Canadians (descendants of the *ancienne noblesse* who fled from the horrors of the guillotine and Reign of Terror) it is not within the province of this article to deal. I may say, however, without undue digression, that there are many French Canadian *seigneurs* who received their lands earlier than the French Revolution, under charters of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

The *habitant*, however, is menaced with a change from his idyllic stagnation. The overflow of French Canadian population is gradually finding its way to the broad lands of Manitoba. Here a struggle for supremacy between the English and the French recently began. The *habitant* wished to apply his limited views of life. He insisted, besides, upon a dual language, and that French should be taught in the schools. Fearful lest the priesthood should become all-powerful, as in the Province of Quebec, and the laws be framed exclusively for the French population, the English Canadian resisted. In the end the Englishman triumphed; but time alone can show how far the French Canadian transplanted to Manitoba will assimilate with English ways.—*The National Review.*

STEPS.

Wouldst thou love thy Lord?
Love thy neighbour then.
Rise to love of God
Through the love of men.

Wouldst thou know thy Friend?
Do His written will.
And His promised word
Jesus must fulfil.

Wouldst thou read His heart?
Linger at the Cross.
Share His cup, and count
Other knowledge loss.

Wouldst thou serve thy King,
Loyal be and true?
They who please Him best
Lowliest work must do.

Wouldst thou reach His throne?
Little steps lead there,
And a pierced Hand
Guides thee up the stair.

Victoria, B.C. —*Annie Clarke.*

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

London was the place at which the Quadrennial of Canadian Methodism assembled in September, and was in session from the 6th to the 24th inclusive. This ecclesiastical assembly never met so far westward before. Never was a body of men more hospitably entertained, and we believe that many will declare that no better General Conference has been held in the Dominion.

In 1823, the now sainted Rev. Robert Corson, a famous pioneer Methodist minister, was sent to the region of which London forms an important part. It was then largely a wilderness. Mr. Corson's first circuit has been divided again and again, so that now it embraces several circuits and even districts.

London is one of the centres which may be regarded as a Methodist object-lesson. In 1883, when the various branches of the Methodist family united, five of them were represented in London, and only a few of them were self-sustaining; now they are all one body, having nearly a dozen churches, three thousand members, nine thousand attending public worship, and church property valued somewhere about $180,000.

The Absent.

During the past year, Drs. Stafford, Pirritte and Douglas, and Revs. J. Gray and W. H. Laird, have finished their course; but if we review the whole decade, we are reminded that of the five honoured brethren who have filled the office of General Superintendent, only one remains in the Church militant, our present beloved incumbent, Rev. A. Carman, D.D. Long may he be spared to us.

Of the 198 ministers and layman who attended the first General Conference in 1874. Fifty-three are known to be dead: 112 ministers have died during the quadrennium. Of those who attended the said Conference we only find the names of twenty-eight in the list of the delegates of the present assembly, while more than thirty of those in attendance were never so honoured before.

The Fraternal Delegates.

Rev. H. J. Pope, ex-President of the English Wesleyan Conference, conveyed the greetings of the parent body and of the Irish Conference to their brethren in Canada. He discharged his duties in a highly creditable manner, both in the pulpit on Sabbath and in Conference. He attended the Conference sessions every day for a week, and again and again he expressed his admiration for the debating power of the Conference. Two debates which he heard, the Itinerancy, and the Epworth League Movement, he pronounced to be among the best he had ever heard. Mr. Pope endeared himself to Canadian Methodists, for as representative to Canada he spent nearly all his time in our territory, and the only regret he felt was that he could not extend a visit to the Maritime Provinces.

The Methodist Episcopal Church honoured Canada by sending their greetings to us through a native Canadian, though he is now a resident in the United States. Rev. James H. Potts, D.D., received a royal welcome. He was born not far from London, and was born again at Simcoe under the ministry of the Rev. N. R. Willoughby, D.D., a member of this General Conference. The sermons of Dr. Potts and his fraternal address were of an exceeding high order, and were such as will not soon be forgotten. Dr. Potts is perfectly deaf, and yet he always looks cheerful and happy.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, sent the Rev. E. E. Hoss, D.D., as their fraternal messenger; and the Board of Bishops may rest assured, that though they had previously honoured Canada by sending

Bishops McTyeire and Galloway, and Drs. Shedd and Kelley as their messengers to us, Dr. Hoss was equally acceptable as his honoured predecessors, and that he endeared himself to his Canadian brethren as they had done.

Principal Caven, Dr. Cochrane, Rev. J. A. Murray, M.A., and John Cameron, Esq., conveyed the Christian greetings of the Presbyterian Assembly to the Conference. Right royally did these brethren perform the duty assigned them. They even advocated organic unity between the Methodist and Presbyterian denominations, and said they could see no insuperable barriers to be overcome in accomplishing such an event.

Scarcely had they closed their fraternal visit than Mr. Cameron and Mrs. Thornley were introduced to the Conference. One presented a very kind address from the Dominion Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic, and the other delivered an address on behalf of the W. C. T. U. Mrs. Thornley is "out and out." She is no reed shaken with the wind, but from a full heart she pours forth burning words against the accursed traffic, nor does she spare those who are slow to espouse the cause of truth and righteousness.

Two "brothers in black," were commissioned by their respective churches to visit their white brethren, and assure them that they were true Methodists. Rev. Dr. Porter, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, astonished us as he told us that his Church, which was organized in 1816, has now nine bishops, 5,000 travelling preachers and 9,000 local preachers, 600,000 members, 500,000 Sunday-school scholars, 5,000 churches, 3,000 parsonages and twenty-three colleges.

Rev. J. T. Moore, of the British African Methodist Episcopal Church, could not present such an array of startling statistics. His Church was small, but his people claimed to be a part of the great Methodist family.

Suitable resolutions were adopted respecting all these fraternal delegations, and the Churches which they represented would always be regarded by the General Conference as parts of the Church militant, and for the coloured Churches especially our prayer would ever be that the divisions by which they were now kept apart might soon be healed, and they would be all united under one banner.

The Personnel.

As far as we have been able to make out, the laymen in attendance at this General Conference may be thus divided: There are seven medical doctors, ten lawyers, two members of parliament, one sheriff, four judges, two mayors, and two ex-lieutenant governors. Some are members of the press, and others are engaged in mercantile pursuits, and a few belong to the honourable yeomanry of the country.

Connexional Statistics.

The General Conference Statistician presented an elaborate report from which we take a few figures. The increase in the membership is 27,085; 30,313 marriages had been performed, an increase of 1,064. The increase in church property, such as places of worship, parsonages, colleges, etc., has been very large considering the depression of trade. The increase of connexional funds exceeds 88,000; and for circuit purposes $195,242. In ministerial income, while there is an increase, yet deficiencies of more than $1,254,000 are reported for the quadrennium. The total from collections, circuit purposes and salaries exceeds $9,000,000, being an increase of $1,187,404.

The total missionary income for the quadrennium was $951,332, an increase of $94,176. The total expenditure was $933,605. The contributions per member averaged 78½ cents. The Woman's Missionary Society has an income of more than $37,000 a year.

Rev. J. Woodsworth, Superintendent of Missions in Manitoba and the Northwest, presented an encouraging report. He had travelled more than 80,000 miles. There are 160 missions, of which sixty-six are self-

sustaining, 459 preaching places, forty-six new churches have been built and also fourteen parsonages. One industrial school has been erected for the Indians, and another is in course of erection. The missionary income has increased forty per cent., and the membership fifty-seven per cent., the Sabbath-schools also have increased forty per cent. Several missions have become self-sustaining and others will soon follow their example.

Changes.

There was an animated debate over the time limit question, which ended thus: A minister may remain on his circuit a fourth or even a fifth year, if three-fourths of the members of the Quarterly Board, who are present, agree to the proposal, and two-thirds of the members of the Stationing Committee vote accordingly. A minister who may be transferred must remain in his new Conference at least six years, and cannot return to his former Conference in a less period than eight years. The number of Conferences in Ontario and Quebec is reduced from six to five.

Epworth League.

On this question more than ordinary interest was felt. The young people's societies are a power in the Church and they have come to stay. The contention was whether the official name should be, Epworth League, or Epworth League of Christian Endeavour. The two principal speakers were Mr. N. W. Rowell and Rev. A. C. Courtice, B.A., B.D., both of whom maintained their respective positions with more than ordinary ability. The General Conference, by a very large majority, decided that Epworth League should be the official name, but this did not exclude Leaguers from fraternizing with their Endeavour brethren. We are glad to believe that the decision arrived at will give general satisfaction, and that there will be no friction, but all the societies will work in harmony. The matter of appointing a secretary or agent for this department is assigned to the General Conference Special Committee on Nominations, by the boards of the League and Sunday-schools.

Superannuation Fund.

During the past year especially there has been much correspondence in the *Christian Guardian*, respecting this fund. A commission appointed by the General Conference of 1890, presented a voluminous report, which was duly considered by a committee together with various other memorials. Instead of ministers contributing twelve dollars per year as hitherto, they are to pay three per cent. of their salaries; all under $500 are to pay fifteen dollars. Any minister who is set apart to any department outside of the pastorate is not only to contribute his three per cent., but the department which he serves is also to contribute fifty dollars in lieu of circuit contribution.

Church Union.

At the last General Conference a committee was appointed to confer with the Evangelical Association, but for some cause the association withdrew from the negotiations. Should matters be so arranged that they will wish to reopen the negotiations, the committee will welcome them.

The Protestant Episcopal Church at the beginning of the quadrennium seemed to be eager about union; but they cling so tenaciously to the historic episcopate that nothing can be accomplished.

As there are several weak missions in the Province of Quebec, all of which require financial aid from their respective denominations, the General Conference recommends that where at all practicable some of these may be brought into unison, and so prevent waste of men and money. A similar recommendation was made respecting domestic missions which overlap those of other denominations.

A federal committee was also appointed to confer with other Churches on matters common to all, promote harmony, and form combinations on public questions, and perhaps eventually secure greater

unity—if not organic, at least federal union. They will unite in petitioning the Dominion Government *re* the Chinese question.

Book-Room and Publishing House.

It was very gratifying to learn that both in the East and West there had been a steady advance all along the line. The affairs of the Halifax establishment were steadily improving and the grant of credit to the amount of $10,000 was continued. The total profits of the quadrennium exceeded $90,000, of which $26,300 had been appropriated to the Superannuation Fund, being an increase of $4,300 over the preceding term.

The *Guardian* and *Wesleyan* are both to be reduced to the price of one dollar, and two pages in each are to be reserved for Epworth League and young people's work.

The MAGAZINE and Sunday-school publications have had an extensive circulation, so that during the quadrennium 200,000 000 pages of good, wholesome literature had been sent forth, every page of which was instinct with religious influence. In four years the receipts of these publications had been over $200,000.

Discipline.

At former General Conferences the report of the Committee on this subject had always excited much interest, and consumed a great amount of time. When it became known that this year the number of suggestions for amendments, etc., might be styled "legion," we anticipated that the present would be as the past and much more abundant. The report was submitted, and the gratifying intelligence was communicated that to more than one hundred recommendations the Committee had voted *non-concurrence.* The alterations adopted were chiefly verbal.

Missionary Affairs.

Considering the almost universal depression of business it is a pleasure to record the fact, that during the quadrennium there has been a steady advance. The only decline has been last year. The Woman's Missionary Society has also made a steady advance, having now an income of $37,974, a gain in four years of $15,667. When the General Board met to make the appropriations for the current year there was a difficult problem to solve. Applications were made from every field for an increase of grants amounting to $10,000, and a depleted income, and as the Board is not allowed to appropriate more than the income of the year next preceding, it was clear that $230,000 was the entire amount that could be appropriated. This meant cutting down. The General Secretary, Dr. Sutherland, said he would take $500 less for his allowance than he had taken the last few years. The Committee on Salaries had also recommended a reduction of $300 on the salary of the assistant. Other expenses had been reduced by lessening the number of members for the General Board and the executive; still other reductions of necessity had to be made, to make the appropriations harmonize with the income.

Rev. John Shaw, D.D., was reappointed assistant.

Rev. Dr. McDonald was reappointed treasurer and corresponding member for Japan. A joint committee of General Board, and the Woman's Society, was appointed to to adjudicate matters in Japan to prevent the agents coming in conflict with each other.

Fire Insurance.

Some of the Churches in England have insurance companies of their own, which is not only a great saving in expenditure but also brings considerable revenue to the funds of the respective Churches. The Church property under the care of the General Conference exceeds in value $14,000.000, one half of which is not insured. A commission was appointed, consisting of a few well-known business men, who are to look into this matter and report the result of their deliberations to the General Conference Special Committee, with power to act.

Sabbath Observance.

This subject was carefully studied and the General Conference strongly recommended the avoidance of all Sunday parades, and bicycle riding for pleasure on the holy day, also Sunday funerals. Efforts should be made to strengthen the hands of those who are endeavouring to reduce Sabbath labour on public works to a minimum.

Temperance.

The General Conference still holds that to legalize the liquor traffic is sin. Ministers and members are all recommended to have nothing to do with the traffic in any shape or form. Electors are urged not to bring forward or vote for any candidate for parliamentary honours who will not pledge himself to do all in his power to help on Prohibition. As a Dominion election is sure to be held soon, Methodist electors are entreated to do their duty at the polls and vote as they pray.

Elections.

All the General Conference officers were re-elected, except the Editors of the *Christian Guardian* and the *Wesleyan*, who were succeeded by Revs. A. C. Courtice, M.A., B.D., and G. J. Bond. Dr. Carman retains the General Superintendency for eight years more. The following were re-elected for four years each. Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary, Dr. Briggs and S. F. Huestis, Book Stewards; Dr. Potts, Secretary of Education; Dr. Withrow, Editor of MAGAZINE and Sunday-school publications. Rev. Jas. Woodsworth, Superintendent of Missions in Manitoba and British Columbia.

The following were elected Fraternal Delegates to the British and Irish Conferences, Rev. Dr. Dewart; to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. Dr. Lathern; to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Principal Sparling; to the Presbyterian General Assembly, Chancellor Burwash and Principal Shaw; to African Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. T. W. Jolliffe; and to the British Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. A. L. Russell, M.A., B.D.

Miscellaneous.

Rev. F. A. Cassidy astonished the Conference when he stated that Methodist missionaries in Japan cannot solemnize marriages among their own people. A Church of England clergyman performs this duty at the British Consulate. A committee was appointed to bring this matter before the British Government so that the disability may be removed.

The Committee on Systematic Beneficence recommended that one-tenth at least of all incomes should be given to religious purposes. Just as the report was adopted intelligence was communicated that Mr. Mellanby, of Humberstone, had left property behind him valued at $75,000, most of which would come to the Missionary Society and Superannuation Funds.

A motion was introduced to authorize the election of laymen to all committees equally with ministers, but the motion was lost. Laymen can now sit on every committee except the Stationing Committee.

The gavel which the General Superintendent used so dexterously was a gift to him from Dr. T. Bowman Stephenson at the Ecumenical Conference in 1891. It was made of oak taken from John Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London.

The motion to do away with the renewal of tickets and substitute annual cards was voted down.

The C. P. R. Telegraph Company sent more than 250,000 words over its wires during Conference.

The receipts at the Conference post-office averaged ten dollars per day and upwards. Rev. B. Clement and his associates were never unemployed nor triflingly employed.

This was one of the best, if not the very best General Conference ever held in Canada. No member, so far as we know, went home with his heart wounded. The ministers and people of London were worthy of all the praise awarded them for their labour and hospitality.

"METHODIST MAGAZINE" FOR 1895—A STEP FORWARD.

In 1895 this oldest Canadian magazine comes of age and marks this event by a long stride forward. It begins its twenty-first year and forty-first volume in a new form and enlarged size. To keep step with the latest improvements in magazine literature it changes to royal octavo, printed in best style, with copious illustration. The enlarged space thus afforded will give opportunity for the fuller treatment of a greater variety of subjects. A special feature will be its high-class short and serial stories by the best writers, handsomely illustrated papers on mission fields and mission work, a splendid series of illustrated papers on our own country and foreign lands, Biblical manners and customs, popular science, and character-sketches of the men best worth knowing of the present and the past. These striking improvements render impossible at present a reduction in price of the Magazine, but the marked reduction in the *Guardian* will enable the old readers of these two periodicals to obtain them both at considerably less than they have heretofore cost.

Among the articles of special interest will be a series of splendidly illustrated papers on Bible manners and customs, being the result of the Editor's personal observation in Bible lands and wide study of Biblical literature. Among the subjects treated will be "Land Tenure in Palestine," "Agriculture," "Domestic and other Industries," "Dwellings," "Food," "Clothing," "Ornaments," "Social Customs," "Weddings and Funerals," "Festivals," "Religious Usages," "Position of Women in the East," "Domestic and Family Relations," etc. These splendidly illustrated papers will throw much light on many passages of Scripture, and will be specially useful to all preachers and teachers, and indeed to every Bible student. Fuller announcement will be issued with the December number.

Among the serial and other stories and sketches will be an illustrated story of very special interest by that popular writer, Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, entitled, "The House on the Beach and the Elder's Sin," and a very strongly written story by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr. Another illustrated series of Mrs. Helen Campbell's admirable sketches on "Light in Dark Places" will also be given; also a series of short stories by popular writers.

The Magazine has amply vindicated its right to exist during the last twenty years by the amount of direct religious reading and high-class literature of pronounced religious character which it has spread throughout the Dominion of Canada. Nearly 75,000 volumes, or 900,000 separate numbers, containing about 90,000,000 printed pages, have thus been distributed among the families of Canadian Methodism. The religious teaching thus imparted, the intellectual quickening, the broadened outlook and the moral uplift given, cannot be expressed in words; only the Great Day will reveal the great blessings attained.

The character of the reading supplied to the households of Methodism is a matter of very great importance. Amid the multiplicity of books and periodicals which abound at the present day much that is not only utterly frivolous but absolutely pernicious may find its way into homes where it is least suspected. A subtle moral malaria may exhale from the printed page, corrupting the soul and poisoning the very springs of being.

The great popular magazines of the age, while exhibiting vast enterprise and high literary skill and artistic embellishment are, for the most part, utterly secular and in some cases directly hostile to evangelical religion. One of the leading American monthlies has recently had a story of Parisian life, "whose fascination," says Dr. Abbott, in the *Outlook*, "will make it a dangerous book to the uncautioned reader." Its heroine possesses all the virtues

except the crowning virtue of womanhood. Another leading monthly had a clever serial discounting and disparaging Christian missions. Most of these magazines give special prominence to theatrical and sporting life, and treat with commendation questionable amusements of the times. One magazine specially recommended to the patronage of Methodists treats of fashionable life with approving descriptions of ball-room gaieties.

Is this the kind of reading by which Methodist parents wish their young people to be moulded in the most formative period of their history? Yet these magazines are largely supported by the patronage of Christian households, and such reading forms the mental aliment of large numbers in Methodist families. It is no use saying they must not read such books and magazines unless something attractive as well as instructive and religiously wholesome be given them instead.

As a substitute in some degree at least, for the reading so tinctured and tainted with moral contagion, this MAGAZINE has been established; and its successful career for a score of years has shown that it has to no small degree met a felt want. It is proposed to more fully meet this want and still more amply to provide sound, wholesome, attractive reading which shall improve the mind and give a moral and spiritual uplift. This MAGAZINE shall be in closest accord and sympathy with the great aims and objects of Methodism, its missions and evangelistic enterprises, with its religious spirit and its broad philanthropies, and with all moral and social reforms.

The modern knight-errantry is that of missions. The age of chivalry is not past. Souls as brave as Sir Galahad or Bayard still ride abroad redressing human wrongs, and with a courage and a sacrifice beyond that of the peers or paladins of Charlemagne are devoting themselves to the uplifting of a fallen race. To the mission field, with its noble heroisms and sacrifices, its self-abnegations and consecrations, special attention will be given. Woman's work for her sister women, deaconess work in large towns and cities, home mission work, and that noble Christian altruism which with a passionate charity, a true Christ-like spirit, remembers the forgotten, visits the forsaken, and succours the desolate and the oppressed, shall find also a record of their achievements.

We acknowledge with heartiest thanks the kind co-operation of our patrons, and especially of the ministers on the circuits, who have greatly aided us in the past. We bespeak at this juncture their special sympathy and aid to enable us to more nearly realize our ideal in the creation of a periodical of which our Church and our country may be proud. This can be done only by doubling the circulation of the MAGAZINE. We earnestly request each reader to send promptly through the minister of his circuit his own renewal, and to seek also at least one additional subscription. We earnestly ask the ministers specially to kindly seek to secure this doubling of our list.

A LITTLE PARABLE.

I MADE the cross myself, whose weight
Was later laid on me.
This thought adds anguish as I toil
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think my own hands drove the nails!
I sang a merry song,
And chose the heaviest wood I had
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed
Its weight was meant for me,
I should have built a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary!

Book Notices.

Studies in Oriental Life, and Gleams from the East on the Sacred Page. By H. Clay Trumbull. Pp. xviii–437. Philadelphia: John D. W ttles & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $3.00.

It has often been said that the Holy Land is the best commentary on the Holy Book. The more they both are studied, the more apparent does this become. Even to one who for years has been familiar with the East by reading, it is a revelation when for the first time he visits the Orient and notes on every side remarkable confirmations or illustrations of Holy Writ.

In the handsome volume before us the accomplished editor of the *Sunday-School Times* groups and classifies in a very lucid manner his personal studies of the unchanging manners and customs of the Orient. This is not a book of travel, but gives the *result* of wide journeying and acute observation. "In the nomad life from Chaldea to Egypt," says Dr. Trumbull, "the scenes of the days of Abraham are the every-day scenes of now. Hosts and guests and tents and bread and slaughtered calf and salutations are the same to-day as they were forty centuries ago."

Instead of a bare itinerary of travel, with its incidental illustrations of Scripture, Dr. Trumbull gives what may be called the scientific classification of Eastern manners and customs which throw very striking side-lights, often like electric search-lights, upon innumerable passages of Scripture. It begins with the subject of Betrothals and Weddings in the East, and discusses in turn, Hospitalities in the East, Funerals and Mourning, The Voice of the Forerunner, The Oriental Idea of Father, Prayers and Praying, Primitive Idea of "The Way," Food in the Desert, Calls for Healing, The Pilgrimage Idea in the East, The Samaritan Passover and its Significance, The Lessons of the Wilderness, and other topics.

Dr. Trumbull's long experience in the elucidation of the Sunday-school topics for the *Sunday-School Times* gives him special facility in selecting and presenting those Eastern usages which can best throw light upon the sacred page. The book has a large number of illustrati ns from recent photographs, and is supplied with an admirable topical index and also index of texts It is a very handsome specimen of book-making, and will be very serviceable to ministers, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers, and indeed to all Bible students.

The New Acts of the Apostles, or the Marvels of Modern Missions. By Arthur T. Pierson, author of "The Crisis of Modern Missions," etc., with an Introduction by the Rev. Andrew Thompson, D.D., F.R.S.E. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.75.

Dr. Pierson, the accomplished editor of the *Missionary Review*, is possessed as are few men with a sense of the unspeakable importance and urgency of the early conversion of the world to faith in Christ. By tongue and pen he ceases not to urge this high commission. This series of eloquent lectures is like a bugle blast summoning a lethargic Church to its privilege and duty. He recounts the glorious triumphs of this century of missions, the new Pentecosts, the new open doors on every side. He exults in the new apostolic succession, "the apostles of the anvil and the loom," the consecrated cobblers, who, sneered at and jeered at by witlings and scoffers, have become the glory of the new era of missions. The new apostolate of woman is illustrated by many noble examples. The vision of the world-wide field, waving white unto the harvest, the voice of the Mas-

ter loudly calling, the new lessons of the converting power and the ministry of the Spirit are strongly presented. The new signs and wonders, the miracles of grace, the new converts and martyrs, the new motives and incentives, the blessed hope and outlook of the future are all urged as reasons for a great missionary revival.

Accompanying the volume is a chromo-lithographic map of the world, and chart, which show the prevailing religions of the world, their comparative areas, and the progress of evangelization. Golden stars studded through darkest Africa and sombre Asia and among the islands of the sea, shine like heralds of the dawn. We wish that every school, Epworth League and Mission Circle would read this book and ponder this map, and then consecrate itself as never before to the blessed work of "telling out among the heathen what the Lord our God has done."

The Lowell Lectures on the Ascent of Man. By HENRY DRUMMOND, LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Pp. xii–346. New York: James Pott & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.25.

One of the epoch-making books of the times was Professor Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." It at once placed him in the front rank as one of the most brilliant interpreters of science. The present volume bids fair to rival, if not surpass, the interest of that book. Although only a few weeks before the public, it has already reached a third edition. Prof. Drummond, like Dr. McCosh, embraces heartily the doctrine of theistic evolution, not a blind operation of law apart from the Lawgiver, but the unfolding of the purposes of God throughout the ages. He admits that the theory of evolution is yet only a hypothesis. "Indeed," he says, "no one asks more of evolution at present than permission to use it as a working theory." But the theory of gravitation, the undulatory theory of light, and the theory of an interstellar ether, are only hypotheses which explain a great number of facts.

"Evolution," says Prof. Drummond, "was given to the world out of focus, was first seen by it out of focus, and has remained out of focus to the present day." Hence many persons get a one-sided view of it. What is needed, he says, is an evolution theory adjusted to the whole truth and reality of nature and man. To such a theory the present volume is at least a contribution. The Darwinian theory of evolution emphasized too much the mere selfish struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest, that is, the strongest and most masterful. The very core and kernel of Prof. Drummond's theory is its introduction of a new force which is not selfishness but unselfishness—the struggle, not for one's own existence, but for the existence of others. From this has come the evolution of true fatherhood and motherhood, with all the purer, higher love of husband, wife and child—the development of this mighty principle which binds the world together, and is the source of its noblest heroism, devotion and self-sacrifice. "Marriage among early races," he says, "has nothing to do with love. Among savage peoples the phenomenon everywhere confronts us of wedded life without a grain of love. Love, then, is no necessary ingredient of the sex relation; it is not an outgrowth of passion. Love is love, and has always been love, and has never been anything lower. It is a divine gift through the agency of a little child." "Only by shutting its eyes," says Prof. Drummond. "can science evade the discovery of the roots of Christianity in every province that it enters . . . That Christian development, social, moral, spiritual, which is going on around us, is as real an evolutionary movement as any that preceded it, and at least as capable of scientific expression; and that prophet of the kingdom of God was no less the spokesman of nature when he proclaimed that the end of man is 'That which we had from the beginning, that we *love*.'"

Maple Leaves, 1894. Canadian History, Literature, Ornithology. By J. M. LeMoine, F.R.S.C., Quebec: L. J. Demers & Frere. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 508. Paper, $1; cloth, $1.50.

Mr. LeMoine has identified himself with Canadian literature in both English and French more completely, we judge, than any other writer. In previous volumes of his *Maple Leaves*, of which this is the fifth series, he has gathered up the quaint legends, folk-lore and traditions of French Canada; and they are a perfect mine of information on almost everything connected with its early history. In the present volume Mr. LeMoine discusses in a charming manner the ancient capital of Quebec, its picturesque surroundings and its storied past. He recounts certain episodes of the war of the Conquest, discusses social life in French Canada, Christmas and New Year's in the olden time, and similar themes.

Part two of this volume gives a number of lectures and addresses, all marked by the author's graceful manner. There is a piquancy and picturesqueness of style peculiar to the French genius even when using the English tongue. Mr. Kirby, the author of the "Chien D'Or," writes a graceful introduction. A portrait of the author and an engraving of his beautiful home at Spencerwood accompany the volume.

Was the Apostle Peter ever at Rome? A Critical Examination of the Evidence and Arguments Presented on both sides of the Question. By Rev. Mason Gallagher, D.D. Introduction by the Rev. John Hall, D.D. Pp. xiv–247. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.20.

Beneath the great dome of St. Peter's is the so-called tomb of the Galilean fisherman, and around the frieze of that mighty temple are the words, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church." If the episcopate at Rome of St. Peter be disproved, then the very keystone falls out of the arch of Papal assumption. Dr. Gallagher, with very patient study, investigates the evidence on both sides of this question. Our independent studies of this question corroborate his conclusion. It is incredible that the Apostle Peter had any share in planting the Roman Church. The story of St. Peter's twenty-five years' episcopate at Rome is too absurd to require disproof. The very minuteness of detail in the legends of St. Peter is their own refutation. In vain are we shown the chair in which tradition asserts that he sat, the font at which he baptized, the cell in which he was confined, the fountain which sprang up in its floor, the pillar to which he was bound, the chains which he wore, the impression made by his head in the wall and by his knees in the stony pavement, the scene of his crucifixion, the very hole in which the foot of the cross was placed, and the tomb in which his body is said to lie. They all fail to carry conviction to any mind in which superstition has not destroyed the critical faculty. The mighty fane which rises sublimely in the heart of Rome in honor of the Galilean fisherman, like the religious system of which it is the visible exponent, is founded on a shadowy tradition, opposed alike to the testimony of Scripture, the evidence of history, and the deductions of reason.

A Help for the Common Days, Being Papers on Practical Religion. By J. R. Miller, D.D. Pp. 320. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 90c.

Dr. Miller's book on "Week-Day Religion," met with wide favor, and has helped many people over the hard places to a fuller, richer life. The present volume is a collection of chapters, he says, written out of his own experience in the hope that they may make the path plainer for others. Every line of the book is intended to bear on the actual life of the common days, to show why it is worth while to live earnestly at

whatever cost. A note of sympathy with the tried and tempted is a conspicuous feature of the book. The chapters entitled "The Shut-ins," "Tired Feet," "Busy Hands," "Broken Lives," "Why Do We Worry?" "Look Forward and not Back," "Forgetting Sorrow," and the like, cannot fail to help busy toilers in this work-a-day world.

Christianity in the Home. By THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D. Pp. 264. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.20.

We sometimes wonder why gifted preachers do not more largely use the pen. Amid the urgent duties and engrossing cares of their office, they could still greatly enlarge their sphere and increase their usefulness by the written word, which can go beyond the spoken voice, and keep sounding on when that is silent forever. By his almost innumerable newspaper articles, and the like, Dr. Cuyler has done more good than even by his marvellously successful ministry. This new collection of papers has the same practical character as his previous volumes. What a theme he has! Among the topics treated are The Conversion of Children, Extravagant Living, the Flaw in the Wedding Link, the Home Side of the Drink Question, the Girdle of Love, God's Children in Dark Hours, God's Cure for Worrying, Rest but do not Loiter, Fruit in Old Age, and kindred topics.

The First Words from God, or Truths Made Known in the First Two Chapters of the Holy Word, also the Harmonizing of the Records of the Resurrection Morning. By FRANCIS W. UPHAM, LL.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

Dr. Upham is the author of numerous valuable works on the Bible and its interpretation. He here treats with characteristic skill the story of creation and the fall, and in the second part presents a harmonization of the four records of the resurrection of our Lord. Both tasks are ably fulfilled.

Teutonic Switzerland and Romance Switzerland. By W. D. MCCRACKEN. Two volumes in case, gilt top. Boston: Joseph Knight Company. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.75.

These dainty volumes are as graceful a treatment of the legends, traditions and folklore of Switzerland as we have anywhere seen. As good in their way as Howells' charming "Little Swiss Journey." The writer knows his Switzerland well, and describes with sympathetic touch the scenic attractions and historic and romantic associations of this fair land of mountain and flood. These little books will add greatly to the enjoyment of a tour through Switzerland, and give just the sort of information which guide-books lack.

A Florida Sketch-Book. By BRADFORD TORREY. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 16mo, 237 pages. Price, $1.50.

This is not a book of travel on a hackneyed theme. It is a sympathetic study of bird-life and wood-lore amid the everglades of the sunny South. The author reveals a wonder-world of beauty and mystery and subtle adaptation among the bayous and pine forests, till we feel that in the realm of nature nothing is common or unclean.

William Blacklock, Journalist: A Story of Press Life. By T. BANKS MACLACHLAN. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Pp. 320. Price, $1.25.

Newspaperdom has long been called the fourth estate, and in numbers, energy and influence it is, indeed, a very powerful estate of the realm. Every person is interested in newspaper life, and this well-written story takes us behind the scenes, shows the seamy side as well as the smooth side of journalism, and describes editor-baiting, as well as editor-bullying. Amid the grinding of the press and the high-pressure life of newspaperdom, the tender passion seems to be a no less potent influence than in other spheres.